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REVIEW OF POLITICS.

THE Conference still drags its slow length along. We have no doubt that the representatives of the different Powers are displaying great diplomatic activity, and that, besides the formal meetings of the body, there is an abundance of private interviews, and a continuous course of unofficial or semi-official communications passing amongst them. But we do not learn that anything has taken place, or is likely to take place, at all calculated to assuage the anxiety with which the friends of Denmark have from the first regarded the deliberations of this assembly. That the neutral Powers have quietly abandoned the Treaty of 1852, and have consented to the dismemberment of the Scandinavian kingdom, appears only too certain. Nor is there reason to believe that any of them have intimated an intention of doing more than talk and argue in favour even of a moderate measure of partition. So far as France and England are concerned, it is pretty evident that Austria and Prussia may with impunity insist upon drawing the German frontier line as far north as Apenrade. If there be a chance for Denmark, it comes from a quarter towards which she had far less right to look. It is asserted that Russia has at last shown some jealousy of the aggrandizement of her Teutonic neighbours, and has intimated that, under certain contingencies, she would revive the claims of the Holstein-Gottorp line to that very part of Holstein in which the port of Kiel is situated. The Court of St. Petersburg would perhaps be satisfied with the transfer of the new principality to the Duke of Oldenburg, instead of the Duke of Augustenburg; nor is it unlikely that M. von Bismarck would regard such an arrangement with satisfaction. But it would scarcely meet the views of Austria, of the minor German Powers, or of the German people; and it seems, therefore, quite possible that they may prefer to accept a moderate slice of Slesvig, with the consent of England and France, and under a sovereign of their own choosing, rather than stand out for a larger portion under a prince who would be entirely subject to the influence of Russia and Prussia. We cannot without a blush resign ourselves to such speculations, or build frail hopes upon such a basis; but we do not see what else is left to us. The cause of right and justice—of the sanctity of European treaties—of the independence of secondary States—has been so flagrantly abandoned by those who were bound to uphold it, that there is little tangible prospect of any hindrance to the successful course of wrong, except from some quarrel amongst the despoilers as to the division of the prey.

The policy of Her Majesty's Ministers with reference to the Danish question formed the subject of a short but

interesting and animated debate in the House of Commons on Monday night. Mr. Disraeli became for once the organ of a feeling thoroughly general, both in Parliament and in the country, when he complained, in indignant language, of the manner in which the Government are concealing from the nation their course of action or inaction. It was, he argued, rather too much that the representatives of the English people should be the only persons kept, or supposed to be kept, in ignorance of the proceedings of the Conference. They did not desire to be admitted to a knowledge of the details of negotiation, but they had a right to know on what basis this was being conducted. Lord Palmerston had obtained their confidence by stating that he and his colleagues were about to uphold the Treaty of 1852. They had been willing to abstain from all embarrassing discussions, and to restrain their natural curiosity, lest they should endanger the success of a policy of which they approved. But it was rather too much that the Government, having thus obtained complete freedom of action, should use it for the promotion of a measure—the dismemberment of Denmark—to which the House of Commons had never assented, and from which a large portion of them were entirely averse. As the right hon. gentleman observed, with unanswerable force, "no Minister is entitled to ask for Parliamentary reticence and reserve during the progress of negotiations, if he has not first fulfilled the great condition of such Parliamentary reserve—that his policy shall be known to the country and generally approved by Parliament. If he follows a policy totally contrary, it may be right, it may be possible to justify it; but when that change takes place, especially at a moment like the present, when the continuation of an armistice is in question, he is bound to come forward and frankly tell us, 'Our policy is changed. We are perfectly prepared to vindicate our course. All we ask is that you should continue your confidence to us, or at least that you should call our conduct in question, and let it receive either the sanction or the reprobation of the House of Commons.'" This is language consistent both with the principles of the constitution and the dictates of common sense. Confidence in a Minister must have its limits. It is monstrous that he should assume an authority to commit the country irrevocably to one course, under pretence of pursuing another. And it is idle to justify his reserve towards the House of Commons—if, indeed, we should not characterise his conduct by a harsher word—on the plea that frankness would imperil the success of negotiations which it may well be that they are prepared to condemn. Lord Palmerston could make no reply—attempts to make no reply—to arguments so obvious and so sound. He took refuge in a palpable misrepresentation of Mr. Disraeli's speech, and in the angry repetition of an

irrelevant challenge to the Opposition. We fear it is too true that the Conservatives, as a party, are little more disposed than the Whigs to adopt a vigorous and manly course. But the Opposition are not bound to lay down a policy, while it is the first duty of a Government to do so. It is no excuse for the weakness, the vacillation, or the ambiguous conduct of those who hold office that their successors would probably do no better, and might—though that is scarcely credible—do worse.

Mr. Cowper's scheme for the removal of the National Gallery to the gardens behind Burlington House has encountered a decisive condemnation from the House of Commons. We cannot regard this vote with unalloyed satisfaction. It postpones action; and immediate action is urgently required. At present, our national collection of paintings is scattered about in a manner both inconvenient, and discreditable to the country. The most valuable portion of it is hung in rooms where it cannot be seen to any advantage. And it is notorious that the want of proper accommodation for the gifts of public-spirited donors prevents many gifts being made. On the other hand, the exhibitions of the Royal Academy, which possess both a national character and a national interest, are unduly restricted for want of space. We are anxious that this state of things should terminate as soon as possible; and for that reason we were favourably inclined towards the plan of the Chief Commissioner of Works, which seemed likely to attain substantially the objects we have in view, in a moderate time and at a moderate expense. Its rejection leaves everything once more in confusion. We feel no certainty that those who have prevented its execution will be ready to grant the sum necessary for making the building in Trafalgar-square worthy of its name and destination. We foresee that, at the best, much time will be spent in discussing the manner and extent of the necessary alterations. But if, contrary to our expectations, the Government and the House of Commons are disposed to act with energy and liberality, and will give us, within a reasonable period, galleries in Trafalgar-square as good as those which were to have been built at Burlington House, we shall be quite reconciled to the division of the other night. For there is no doubt that the best site for the National Gallery is that which it now occupies; and that, if no ill-judged parsimony stands in the way, the requisite space may easily be procured there.

Within the last few days the Protectorate of England over the Ionian Islands has been formally abandoned. Possession has been given to the King of Greece; and the Ionians have at last attained their wish to be united with the Hellenic nation. They are no doubt as glad to be rid of us as we are to be rid of them. We trust that nothing will occur to make them regret our sway, or to damp the patriotic enthusiasm with which they are now rejoicing over the independence we have conferred upon them. There is certainly no reason why England should entertain any but friendly feelings towards them, or regard otherwise than with satisfaction their prosperity and happiness. We can look back upon our connection with them without the slightest feeling of self-reproach. We did not become their masters by any act or for any purpose of our own, but at the request and for the convenience of the other European Powers. We never oppressed them, but, on the contrary, governed them with a real desire for their good; giving them, in fact, more liberty than they were able to bear. And it is difficult even for the bitterest and most uncharitable foreign writers to detract from the unselfishness of our voluntary withdrawal from a position of some advantage, merely because we were unable to win for our rule the confidence of an alien race.

Notwithstanding the assurances of the French official press, it is clear that the insurrection in Algeria is far from being suppressed. It has the vitality which a religious or fanatical movement always possesses, and nowhere to a greater extent than amongst the wild Arabs who dwell or encamp on the borders of the great African desert. General Deligney, the Commander-in-Chief of the troops sent against the insurgents, does not venture to say more than that he foresees the time approaching when they will be forced to disperse. He probably foresees also that their subjection will involve many tedious and laborious operations, and will cost a good deal of money and many valuable lives. At the same time there is no reason to think that it will be attended with any extraordinary difficulty. It would seem

that the tribes who are now in arms in Oran have no direct connection with the Tunisian rebels, although it is quite possible that both may be under the influence of a common religious excitement. The district in which the former are gathered, and to which they will probably be confined, is of moderate extent; and although from its mountainous character it presents many facilities for defence against regular troops, it affords no adequate means of subsistence for either man or beast. With the imprudence of barbarians, the Arabs broke out into rebellion before they had gathered the crops of the more northern valley on which they depend. The French have no doubt either destroyed or secured these; and in that case they will be able to compel their enemies to leave the fastnesses in which alone they could be formidable. No one supposes that the hold of our neighbours upon Algeria is seriously threatened by this insurrection; but it must remind them disagreeably of the strictly military tenure of their African territories, and will for some time increase materially the burthen, already sufficiently heavy, which this expensive "colony" entails upon the mother country.

The chronic "Eastern question" threatens to become once more troublesome. Prince Couza has taken prompt advantage of the general acceptance by the Great Powers of the dictum that treaties need not be observed any longer than it is convenient to do so. He reigns over the Danubian principalities as the tributary of the Porte, but under the terms and by the authority of a convention agreed to at Paris after the termination of the Crimean war. Wisely or unwisely—we do not now stop to inquire which—that document conferred upon these provinces the gift of representative institutions, so framed as to invest the landed gentry with preponderant influence. That influence was, so long as it continued, a severe check upon Couza's exercise of arbitrary power. He determined therefore to get rid of it, and carried out his purpose with some cleverness and great audacity. He first took steps to conciliate the attachment of the peasants by proposing a measure which would confiscate for their benefit two-thirds of the property of the landowners. When the Chambers, as might have been expected, refused their assent, he dissolved them, expelled the members by armed force, and set up a constitution of his own. So far as we can gather, the design of this new constitution is by no means original, but is modelled on a French pattern. That may account for the countenance and encouragement which the French ambassador at Constantinople is openly giving to this flagrant violation, not only of the rights of the Roumans, but of the stipulations of the treaty at Paris. But the desire of Prince Couza to follow in the steps of the Emperor Napoleon will hardly be accepted by the other Powers as a sufficient justification of his *coup d'état*. Both Russia and Austria are understood to view his proceedings with feelings of lively indignation; nor can England be expected to look with indifference upon steps which have been taken in defiance both of a treaty and of the Sultan's shadowy authority as suzerain. Unfortunately, the conduct of M. de Moustier affords ground for apprehension that the Emperor of France is not altogether dissatisfied with what has taken place. It is feared that he desires for some purposes of his own to reopen the Eastern question; and that circumstance gives to the conduct of Prince Couza a gravity which would not otherwise belong to it.

The intelligence received during the week from the seat of war in Virginia is important; but unfortunately it is not so clear as we could wish. It is certain that Lee has withdrawn from Spottsylvania to a strong position between the North and South Anna rivers; but it is not equally certain how far this movement was a voluntary one, or how far it was compelled by General Grant's strategy. At first, indeed, we were informed by the Northern journals, in a boasting and confident strain, that Grant had outflanked his opponent, and had thus obliged him to make a hasty and probably a disastrous retreat. We were furnished with the usual accounts of Federal successes, and if we did not believe that Lee was on the point of being driven into his entrenchments at Richmond, it was no fault of those upon whom we are dependent for information. Later intelligence has, however, justified the distrust with which most persons received these accounts. It is now doubtful, to say the least, whether the Confederate general did not retire of his own accord; and whether Grant's "flank movement" was anything more than the leisurely

pursuit of an enemy who had chosen to take up a new position. This at least is evident, that Grant has not been able to exert the slightest influence upon the choice of the next battle-field, because the position his antagonist now occupies has been pointed out all along as the one upon which he would ultimately rely for the defence of Richmond. Its strength is unquestionable, for it is not only defended on two sides by the rivers we have mentioned, but is also protected by swamps which oppose a formidable obstacle to the progress of an attacking force. So long as he holds it, Lee covers the junction of the Virginian Central and of the Richmond and Fredericksburg railways; and even if he be driven from it, his retreat to Richmond is practically secure. Until the next mail arrives we are left in doubt as to the mode in which Grant will deal with the new problem presented to him—whether he will once more hurl his masses on the Confederate entrenchments, to be driven back, we very confidently predict, with tremendous loss; or will try by another flank movement to get round Lee and thus threaten his communications with the capital of Virginia. The transfer of the Federal base of supply to Tappahannock on the Rappahannock rather looks as if the latter were his design. But such an operation will be one of great difficulty and danger, especially if Beauregard and the troops under his command should drive Butler to his gun-boats, and thus become available for service against the powerful Federal army. It is, however, useless to speculate upon operations as to which we are entirely in the dark. We must content ourselves with remarking, that such intelligence as we have does not warrant the belief that Lee has lost any ground which he desired to keep; or that Grant has done anything beyond gaining a position in which victory will be more than ever difficult, and defeat more than ever disastrous.

THE GOVERNMENT ON ITS DEFENCE.

THE sensation of being despised by the whole world is new to the British nation, and it may be forgiven if it writhes awkwardly in so strange a position. We have been taught to believe that we were *cives Romani*, that the might of the empire was in each individual, and that the name of England was a guarantee of respect wherever it was pronounced. Chiefly it has been Lord Palmerston's boast that he at least was the express guardian of England's honour and fame, and his tenure of office has been prolonged above all by the sentiment that, however much we might differ from his politics, he was the assured guardian of our place among nations. So, if during that tenure we suddenly wake up from our dream to find that we are no longer either feared or loved abroad, but are simply scorned; that, once the arbiter of Europe, we are now sunk where there is "none so low as do us reverence," it would not be wonderful if our sense of sudden humiliation found vent in unreasonable expostulation or angry recriminations. Such would be our answer to the charge of puerile and unmeaning passion which has been brought against the inquiries and remonstrances of the House of Commons on Tuesday evening—if the charge had any foundation in fact. But it has not. Mr. Osborne only gave words to the feelings of the whole Liberal party which is not actually in office, or in personal connection with those who are in office, when he denounced the delays of the Conference as giving evident proof that the intention of the German Powers was to tide over the season of effective operations at sea, and that the first wish of the British Government was to tide over the present session of Parliament. If in this last presumption he erred, his error was induced by the *Times*, which congratulated itself on the first establishment of an armistice because that event had saved the Ministry, and which now raises prayers to Heaven that the armistice may at least be prolonged to the middle of July. Mr. Disraeli's position was somewhat different. He spoke for a great party,—a party almost if not quite as great as that which supports the Ministry, and which is therefore subject to responsibilities scarce inferior to those of the Government actually in power. In their name he required that the deliberations in which England is taking part should not be concealed from Englishmen. He reminded his opponents of the loyal trust reposed in the existing Government so long as it was believed to be only carrying out a policy which the country approved. But he demanded, with reason, to know if that avowed policy had been departed from, in order that the House might consider whether the new policy adopted was equally deserving its sanction. Lord Palmerston's retort, that

Mr. Disraeli ought to announce his own policy and challenge a vote upon it, was wholly unconstitutional. It is not for the Opposition to define the precise turn which secret negotiations ought to take. It has not the means of forming a judgment on the question, unless Government gives it the requisite information of the actual state of affairs. As little justifiable was Lord Palmerston's taunt that he was attacked because his hands were tied. He was attacked because, like a street *gamin*, when called on to give an account of himself, he chose to thrust his hands into his pockets, and then to howl for mercy. He was attacked for the sole purpose of making him bring out his hands, and show whether it was honest or stolen gold that he held in them. Enough is known of the proceedings of the Conference to make his affected reticence preposterous, while not enough is known to satisfy us whether Government has had reasons sufficient to justify its change of position. And finally, the excuse that has since been made for this change, that it was communicated virtually to the House when it was announced that the Conference met with no basis at all, is equally void of fair foundation. The House could not at that stage reasonably anticipate that because Government agreed to commence to treat *de novo*, it was therefore to be warranted in casting to the winds all its most solemn expressions of opinion and intention up to that date. Parliament credited the Ministry with having convoked the Conference to enforce its own ideas of right, and not merely to give British sanction to acts which it had before denounced as atrocious and incredible. Remembering that Denmark had been promised that if the Eider was crossed she should not stand alone, it could not anticipate that peace should be negotiated on the terms of rending from her, by British intervention, territory north of the Eider. It now appears that this confidence was misplaced. It seems that when England, as a professed friend of Denmark, interposed to procure peace, we ought to have understood that it was to enforce peace on any terms which the enemies of Denmark might choose to demand. This is a lesson to the English public as well as to the Danish nation. Henceforth we shall know what is the meaning of Palmerstonian policy and Russell faith. But at least we ought to escape reproach for not having foreseen that British statesmen in this century could emulate at once the language and the deeds of the old comedy braggarts and bullies. Who can blame us that we did not expect to witness Earl Pistol so frankly eat his German leek, or to hear Viscount Parolles, "the gallant militarist," thus candidly philosophize on his position:—

"Rust, sword! cool, blushes!

— by foolery thrive!

There's place, and means, for every man alive."

In these circumstances we can scarcely draw much satisfaction from the assurance which the Government organs and officials daily bring before us, that this country was never so prosperous and never so strong as at this moment. A prosperity built upon the resolution to let all perish if we can only grow rich, to suffer wrong everywhere to triumph if only we can enjoy life, to let misery stalk over hearth and homestead of our brethren if we can only be happy, must fill all who have mind or conscience with foreboding dismay. A strength which can win us neither honour nor fear, is a fitting parallel for a peace which leaves us without a friend. We are piling our wealth on a slumbering volcano, and waving in the air a sword of polished tin, when we boast of a prosperity supported by undisguised selfishness, and of a power which the world has learned to despise. The wars of Napoleon, fed so largely by his Polish levies, were the retribution for our standing aloof at the partition of Poland. What shall our generation look for to avenge the partition of Denmark, when the treaty of London, signed by Earl Russell, shall have decreed it?

Meantime, we are told it is Danish "obstinacy" which alone prevents a renewal of the armistice and acceptance of the terms of peace. And, indeed, we may naturally wonder at such "obstinacy," for it is not the huckstering obstinacy of standing out for a good profit, and clearly Denmark will lose money by renewal of the war. Therefore, to a nation of shopkeepers, such obstinacy is wholly unaccountable. From the Eider to the Schlei, from the Schlei to Flensburg, is truly "but a little patch of ground;" it can in farming bring but a poor return, and add but a few thousand taxable inhabitants to the kingdom. Incredible, then, must surely be the folly to debate the question of this straw! So it is, if human aspirations and affections are but questions of money, and if a man's life consists only in what he eats. But if there be such a feeling as love of country and love of friends and kin, then it is possible to conceive that Denmark may have something to fight about when she struggles to preserve the boundary of a thousand

years. And if there be any hope for a gallant nation to preserve its independence against fearful odds, and against the encroachments of neighbours devoid of faith and ruth, it lies in the obtaining of a line of defence which a few can man against a host. Nor is there reason to reproach the Danes with impatience of an armistice which leaves their chief provinces overrun, while it allows German trade on the seas to ply unchecked. After all our betrayal of their cause, they have yielded to our instances so far as to have given us a clear month in which to propose a practicable accommodation. They have even, it is said, accepted the terms, bitter though they be, which we ultimately presented. But if Germany will not accept from us these terms, but stands out for more, why should Denmark, without a guarantee from us that we will enforce them, wait to take the further pleasure of the invaders through our prolonged intervention? At the worst, she can lose no more than it seems we are prepared to let her lose, if we decline to support her after she has agreed to our proposal. Her honour—and honour to her is something—will be better saved by direct negotiation than by treating through a professed but perfidious friend. The salvation of the Palmerston Ministry, by throwing the dust of an armistice in the eyes of Parliament till the grouse are fledged, may not strike Danish statesmen as an object worth paltering with Danish interests for. So these gallant sea rovers may well refuse to oblige Lords Palmerston and Russell with the accommodation of a cessation of the blockade and the naval war while the Baltic is still open. Surely, however, we can still find some way of cringing to Germany, even if the Conference breaks off. As neutrals we have already been of invaluable service to our good Teutonic cousins. We have stopped the building of the Danish iron-clad at Glasgow; we have sheltered German vessels from their pursuers in the Channel; we have saved, by the protection of "neutral waters" at Heligoland, the defeated Austrian fleet from capture. This is a good deal; but we can easily, as a friendly neutral, do more, if Danish "obstinacy" gives excuse. We can keep the Channel fleet out of the Baltic, or send it there to raise the blockade, and we can again advise the Prussian Court that we are very angry, but that the order of the Black Eagle will still be thankfully received. What we have borne proves what we can bear, and the Palmerston Government has conclusively adopted for the modern *civis Romanus* the improved motto—

"Parcere superbis et debellare subjectos."

FRENCH HORSE-RACING.

THE French races at the Bois de Boulogne have ended in the defeat of the English favourite—a result that has naturally given keen pleasure to the French empire at large. Why the winner of the Derby should have been beaten in a canter by a French horse which never was seriously in the front of the betting, seems almost inexplicable. The English second in the French race was greeted with the same sibilant demonstrations that had saluted the winner of the English Oaks at Epsom. And, putting national jealousies apart, there was as good reason for hissing the former in Paris as for hissing the latter over here. The turf performances of both horses seem equally mysterious, and if the French owner is unpopular on that account in England, we do not see why Englishmen can expect the owner of the Derby winner to escape. But the hissing at the Bois de Boulogne does not appear to have arisen from the feeling of betting-men who had been disappointed: it was, if we are to believe all accounts, a simple retaliation for the reception that had been given at Epsom to the animal which the cook at the Carlton is said to denominate *Fillet of Hare*. The French felt that we had hissed their horse when it won, and so they hissed ours when it lost. That this was at the bottom of their manifestation might be seen by the marked way in which they turned to the Emperor and cheered him. They meant to say by their cheer that the English are always sneering at the greatest nation upon earth. "They carp in their newspapers at your Majesty, and they hissed *Fille de l'Air* at the Oaks. The greatest of nations cannot stand this any longer, and we are fully prepared to vindicate the genius both of *Fille de l'Air* and of the nephew of the great Napoleon."

No better instance than the French races themselves could be taken, if we wished to learn the extreme sensitiveness of Frenchmen to everything that passes upon this side of the Channel with respect to horsemanship. No Frenchman is ever safe against a sudden weakness for plunging into imitations of English horse-life. The fashionable member of the club, who drives his stepper on Sundays up the Champs Elysées, with a cigar in his mouth, and a ludicrous little English tiger-groom

behind him, is fully persuaded that he is in appearance an aristocratic English charioteer. Anything connected with horses ought, he believes, to be done as the English do it; and if English gentlemen have tiger-grooms, French gentlemen cannot go far wrong in following the custom. If anything would ever induce Frenchmen to consent to trot, or to do more than make that strange motion in the saddle which is the Continental equivalent, it would be the conviction that trotting *à l'Anglaise* is the proper equestrian performance for a cavalier and a man of honour to attempt. The same sentiment makes the fortune of the French races. The Emperor himself and a few wealthy Frenchmen may possibly have strong opinions on the subject of improving the breed of French horses; but nothing half so practical is in the heart of the Parisian who goes to the Bois de Boulogne. All that he feels is that if the English have their annual Derby, it never would be decorous in *la grande nation* to be left behind. He prepares himself, accordingly, to patronize a tolerably agile imitation of English horse-racing. It is a noble sport, and one that Britannia cannot be allowed for a single instant to keep to herself. An amusing letter from Paris, in the columns of a morning paper, pointed out a few days ago that the reason why the French races, in spite of all the remonstrances of the English Jockey Club, are run upon a Sunday, is, that on any other day Frenchmen would never take the trouble to attend them. The Emperor's military reviews are possibly meant less to exercise the soldiers than to give France the pleasure of feeling that she has so many thousand men under arms ready to execute her bidding. The end of the French races at the Bois de Boulogne is somewhat of a similar nature. They are meant to give the French the pleasure of feeling that France also—like England—has her horses. It is not that Parisians care particularly to see the races. If the afternoon is fine, they have no objection to a stroll in that direction, to be finished off with a cigar and a cup of coffee under the trees. French ladies, perhaps, are, if anything, more enthusiastic still. They like to drive there and back again all the better, because the crowd is likely to be rather gayer and the Imperial equipage rather smarter than on ordinary days; but nobody seriously pretends to any deeper sentiment about the proceedings beyond a quiet and patriotic satisfaction at being assured that France, after all, is an equestrian nation. It is not only Englishmen who are a race of centaurs. French horses have legs,—there are such things as French jockeys,—and Bucephalus may have been as like a French steed as Alexander was in character a French general.

The defeat of the English winner of the Derby, and the somewhat unexpected success of Vermuth, was, therefore, an event that touched a fine chord in the spectators' hearts. In the first place, England was distanced. Even an animal with four legs may do something to avenge Waterloo, and Vermuth became upon the spot a Representative horse—the Champion of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality. The bystanders bestowed on him the tribute of rapturous applause. The French Emperor saluted him. Béranger might have sung of him. If David had lived, he might have drawn his picture. Nothing could have been too splendid a recompense for a horse which had taught Neptune's favourite island that Neptune is not the only divinity nor marine breezes the only climate that protects and fosters the equine race. His triumph was the triumph of the French flag; and as he stood in his place to watch it, Napoleon III. identified himself once more with the cause which the nation understood. But, in the second place, England was not merely vanquished, but vanquished on ground of her own choosing. If a French horse had won the Derby, English people would have been more amused than mortified, and might, unless they had lost largely by the event, have cheered the owner and his horse as loudly as his heart could have desired. No Englishman supposes that France can rival this country in horse-flesh, and our congratulations would have been unmixed with any sinister taint of jealousy. But for France to surpass Britain in anything smacking of jockeys or the stable, would be to France an unlooked-for, a splendid, and an imperial victory. Everybody felt that Vermuth had touched perfidious Albion in the point of all her armour that she had considered most impregnable. The members of the Circle were vindicated at last. The Jockey Club could no longer be considered the most sportsman-like assembly in the world, and Count Lagrange might look Admiral Rous between the eyes without flinching. Avenging Waterloo in this way on the turf is almost a keener vengeance than fighting it over again, with a different result. The true vengeance is to conquer England in her strong and not in her weak points; and distancing a favourite English jockey is like defeating the queen of maritime nations on the seas. Even

M. de Boissy may be satisfied. If Carthage is not actually destroyed, Carthage's best animal has been left behind in a fair race, where—as far as we can tell—there has been no favour.

HYMEN O HYMENÆE!

BEING married to the sound of sweet music is a ceremony of a gorgeous and a luxurious kind, and it is not surprising that a choral marriage-service which has recently taken place at Westminster Abbey should almost have been too much for the representatives of the daily papers who were present on the occasion. It must be an odd thing to be special matrimonial correspondent to a London paper, and to be accustomed, day after day, to attend marriages in high life. The strain upon the sentimental nature cannot but be terrible. Day after day to see beautiful beings in tulle given away to happy beings in white waistcoats, and to watch noble and newly-married pairs daily driving off in elegant barouches, to spend honeymoons at the baronial residences of the grandmothers of the brides, cannot but tell upon the health and upon the spirits. A marriage ceremony to all but those who are immediately concerned is generally a most melancholy and depressing affair. At half-past three o'clock in the afternoon to have exhausted the whole excitement of the day, to have drunk all the champagne that one can carry four hours before dinner-time, and to be obliged to look forward to several hours of maudlin and miserable daylight, is enough to turn a young man old. Imagination almost fails to conjure up the picture of what the thing must be to the matrimonial correspondent who goes through it every day, from the beginning of the season to the end. He must feel as if life was made up of white favours, and as if it would be a relief, for a week or so, to be sent as literary *attaché* to the funerals of the nobility. Perhaps, indeed, he is permitted to take the cheerful and the gloomy ceremonies turn about. Nothing else seems to account for the unabated liveliness with which, time after time, the historian of the hymeneal altar goes through the narrative of the bride's flounces, the bridesmaid's titles, and the wedding breakfast. He is never late, and never misses seeing anybody; and it is impossible to discover a single moment at which his wakeful eye has not been fixed upon the proceedings. The choral marriage of which we have read so much this week was necessarily an affair of importance. When a notorious criminal is executed, the envoys of the Press, it is well known, are on the ground all night, bivouacking boldly with the crowd. The *Morning Post* seems to have accorded the same proud recognition to Lord Frederick Cavendish that the *Times* did last February to the five pirates. At a very early hour—long before the ceremony was to begin, we find its faithful emissary religiously attending a matutinal service in the Abbey. How he got there, or why he went there, unless he had been in a pew throughout the night, it is not easy to explain. There, however, he was seated, watching the worshippers, looking at the carriages as they arrived, and lost in astonishment at the number of coronets, which was so great that he was driven to exchange confidences with an Abbey verger on the subject. The picture of the indefatigable matrimonial correspondent talking affably to the police and the Cathedral officers about the carriages is instructive and edifying:—

"A veteran official in Dean's-yard was heard to express his opinion that Dean's-yard had never been so full of coroneted carriages since her Majesty's coronation."

This is the proper way in which information should be gathered. It is a bright example to foreign correspondents throughout Europe. We can conceive how, on such a subject, the matrimonial correspondent would treasure up everything that fell from the lips of so great an authority, and how important he would feel it to get the numbers of coronets in their right and accurate order. The early ten o'clock service soon began and ended; the matrimonial correspondent somewhat severely, and, we think, pharisaically, remarks that the object of those present was less devotion than the gratification of feminine curiosity. This appears an uncharitable censure from one who had been in a pew all night, and who accordingly could attend morning prayers on this occasion without much additional trouble. After service the Abbey was cleared of strangers. But the matrimonial correspondent was soon back again, if, indeed, he was put out at all; and we have a burst of descriptive power which seems clearly modelled on the famous description in Macaulay of the trial of Warren Hastings:—

"The friends and relatives of the bride and bridegroom took their places early. There were the Bishop of Oxford and Lord Houghton. Earl Stanhope sat next to the Queen's Advocate, Sir John Pakington

behind them, and Black Rod opposite. The Earl of Powis, High Steward of the University of which the bridegroom's father is the 'honoured Lord and Chancellor,' was seen far away under the pulpit."

Whether "far away under the pulpit" is a picturesque way of saying that the matrimonial correspondent had a distant view of his lordship in the reading-desk, it is not easy to decide. On a matter so all-important as that, where Earl Powis and Black Rod sat, it is a pity that history should be thus loosely written. At half-past twelve the clergy appeared with the choir. Posterity will do well hereafter to remember that the choir posted themselves "at the junction of the choir with the transepts," and that the clergy betook themselves to the vicinity of "the altar." So waited the audience till the principal performers came. At a quarter to one the bride entered, attended by bridesmaids, whose appearance naturally "elicited universal admiration." Then the marriage commenced. It will be a proud recollection in after life to the noble bride and bridegroom that it took five clergymen to marry them. The Hon. and Rev. F. R. Grey read the opening exhortation. When he was exhausted, he was succeeded in turn by the Hon. and Rev. W. H. Lyttelton. Then the versicles and prayers were chanted by the Rev. S. F. Jones, whose "voice was admirably heard." The Rev. W. H. Brookfield read the concluding exhortation. Last of all the Hon. and Rev. W. Lyttelton—who by this time had recovered himself again—gave the benediction. "The organist played out the 'Wedding March' of Mendelssohn, the bells of the 'Old Abbey' rang out a merry peal. Through a dense crowd of ladies and gentlemen the bride and bridegroom passed to the Jerusalem Chamber, where the register was signed. A very large crowd assembled outside the Deanery to see the newly-married couple enter their carriage; and," adds the matrimonial correspondent, with a genuine flow of sentiment and enthusiasm, "every hat was raised!"

That this is the right style for the historian of the marriages of the aristocracy to write in cannot be disputed. It is powerful, picturesque, and animated, and under all of it we every now and then seem to catch the fresh gushings of a human heart. Few writers could go day after day to see noblemen turned off, and preserve through it all that childlike simplicity of nature which is equally ready in the discharge of duty to jot down what veteran officials have to say about the carriages, or to raise its hat to a lord. These are the things that make us all young. There is a kind of evergreen literary ability that always astonishes us, while it charms. The matrimonial correspondence of the papers is one type of it. Another and equally remarkable type is the flow of poetical description in the advertisements of auctioneers. What a genius must be required to keep all the weddings in high life distinct and lifelike! What a genius must it take to describe all the upland lawns and well-watered pasture lands about Surrey mansions which are to be sold or let, so vividly and yet so differently! That the world knows nothing of its greatest men is a reflection from which occasionally it is difficult or impossible to escape. Full many a village Hampden, if we are to believe Grey's elegy, lies buried in the country—full many a town Macaulay lies buried in the fashionable columns of the *Morning Post*.

PICTURES OF NOBODY.

An artist's friends may always know to a certainty when he is getting to be held in much request. He has turned the half-way point upon the road to immortality as soon as he has begun on a large scale to paint pictures of nobody. In his earlier years, when he was youthful and underpaid, his subjects were always sentimental, and sometimes used to verge upon unutterable grandeur. Experience teaches him that this is nonsense. When he is older, he learns to estimate such boyish enthusiasm rightly. He finds out that the real test of genius is not who can best paint Ajax defying the lightning, but who can best dash off a sheriff in his robes of office, so as to satisfy the stern requirements of the sheriff's wife and daughters and of his civic friends. In many ways, the existence of the Royal Family has always been a blessed thing for artists. The Prince of Wales is a little mine of wealth to them—not so much for what he purchases, as for the treasures of art he affords them in himself. He ought to be carved, in a standing posture, over the doors of the Royal Academy, with the motto, *Stat fortuna domus*. There are numbers of people, from loyal civic dignitaries upwards, who may be said to be thoroughly anxious to order a picture, if only they knew what to order. The Prince of Wales at such a crisis becomes invaluable. They can always order the Prince of Wales; and if the neighbouring corporation has got him in his robes of state,

they can vary the situation by having him drawn as he appears in private life, either accompanied or unaccompanied by the Princess Alexandra. He can, indeed, be taken in as many shapes and dresses as the human form will bear. He may be taken with the Order of the Garter, he may be taken without. He may be taken playing tennis, or looking over a balcony into Windsor Park. Life is short, but art is long, and art can devise more attitudes for the Prince to stand in than he is ever likely to know.

When an artist, accordingly, is much called on for portraits of his Royal Highness, we may feel tolerably confident that he is driving a roaring and an easy trade. But pictures of somebody are, after all, but nothing as compared to pictures of nobody. These are the true criterion by which to gauge comparative success and merit in the world of art. Landseer paints dogs and horses with what effect a child can see. Painting horses is not nearly so high or remunerative a branch as painting mayors. Anybody who is a man of genius can paint a horse; but it takes a thoroughly successful and prosperous man to paint an ass. So long as Smudge, R.A., confines himself to Moses receiving the law on Sinai, or to Judith and Holofernes, or some other classical tableau, his friends admire his wonderful powers, but are well aware that he is not making much money. It is quite another thing when they see that he has been engaged upon the portly figure of a British tradesman, who has just completed his fiftieth anniversary in the Fishmongers' Company. In the first place, the work is very likely to be presented to the Company, and will hang on high, side by side with other illustrious and equally portly figures, in their banquet-hall. Secondly, it will occupy in the Royal Academy as much space as three living heroes, and attract nearly as much observation. The next company in want of a presentation portrait cannot hesitate to repair to an artist so highly favoured, and Mr. Herbert, at work patiently upon his admirable fresco, is not likely to reap so much from a grateful country as Smudge, R.A., may reap any day by painting a Bottom for a successful guild. There is, indeed, every reason why asses' heads should be a lucrative line upon which to enter. It must be unspeakably difficult to keep them all distinct and natural. As a rule, one civic dignitary, to any eye but that of genius, is only too like another. The artist's skill gives them all an individuality that they often fail to secure in common life, and shows us which is which in flattering and pleasing colours. In the second place, the artist's genius not only keeps them distinct, but furnishes each with a look of undisputed majesty. They seem to survey us from the canvas with the solid and serene air of men who have drunk deep of life's honours. To be able to go on sitting opposite a middle-aged alderman time after time, and drawing him in oils with his expression on his face, shows a command of nerves that is not altogether common. The artist who can do it displays a *savoir-faire*, and a talent for rising in the world, that is in itself as valuable as artistic talent. It would, however, be a mistake to consider pictures of nobody as exclusively taken from commercial and civic life. Every social circle furnishes them in luxuriant abundance. *Omnes eodem cogimur*. The Royal Academy catches—all at last. There may be viewed yearly the Hon. Adolphus FitzPlantagenet, as he is seen by the partridges upon the 1st of September, resplendent with manliness and knickerbockers. Thither arrive yearly the Master Plantagenets, with their favourite pony. There, too, is the Earl (presented by his tenantry to the family), sitting at his writing-table to compose his pamphlet upon the Corn Laws, with open intellectual forehead and highly-polished boots. Here young ladies, about whom everything is commonplace except their scarlet stockings, trip across the snow towards us, smiling as they come. There matrons, fluttering with flounces and with lace, hurl large bouquets of flowers down upon us into space. Curates, bland and elegant—a kid glove on one hand, a Bible in the other—summon us to prayers. Bishops bless us gratuitously in lawn. Ladies at the piano sing to us songs of other days. All, with one accord, are bent on showing the public every attention, and seem determined to smile a stranger into good humour. These are the pictures of Nobody, by Smudge, R.A. He hangs them up as his trophies, and as proofs that he has spoiled the Egyptians. The Royal Academy has a right to be proud of them—they are the tribute of acknowledgment which the unartistic world pays to art. "Nobody" never pays a great artist a higher compliment than when he says to him, "Name your price, and paint me."

The desire to be perpetuated in one shape or another is, probably, common to the species; but it seems to take different forms. The mayors and sheriffs and recorders who figure on our walls may be pardoned if they are over-anxious to hand

down to posterity the portraits of obscurity in office. Providence, to save the world much weariness of spirit, almost uniformly blesses the unimportant with a sense of their own importance. Many a man who never is destined to make a mark on the world around him believes that he has made something of a mark when he has sat for his picture to an artist of reputation. He takes a sort of animal pleasure in being convinced of his own individual existence, and is satisfied to be looked at, even if those who look at him never know from Adam who he is. To some such craving for distinction the Pictures of Nobody, perhaps, owe their being; but there is no doubt that they are an admirable advertisement. It is not everybody who can paint Nobody; it is a specialty in itself. To be asked to make the attempt is a testimony to the artist's fame; to succeed, is a triumph for his pencil. The demand for such miracles of art is likely, in all probability, to last as long as Englishmen exist; and this is, after all, the surest guarantee of the immortality of the Royal Academy. Now and then the public may be testy. They may think that the best authors are placed in the worst places, that Royal Academicians are not always worth their salt, and that the entrance to this garden of the Hesperides is guarded by jealous dragons. But, after all, the Royal Academy is wanted; it supplies a local habitation for Pictures of Nobody. They must be hung somewhere, and we should like to know where else they could be hung?

RAILWAY SLAUGHTER.

THERE is nothing without its drawback. Even the fine weather in which we are luxuriating comes to us with an unpleasant reminder that it brings the season of excursion trains, to which, on one line or other, the chances are strong that there will be some terrible accident, in which we shall have to count the dead and wounded by the dozen. We look back on the summers past, and we see that they have all been attended by one or more railway collisions with a fearful "butcher's bill," and that almost invariably this has happened when there was the largest possibility of damage, and, of course, the greatest need of precaution. For the excursion train not only carries a great cargo of lives, but it is interpolated between the ordinary trains; and sometimes it happens that before one batch of pleasure-seekers is well despatched on its way homewards, another is sent after it at a perilously brief interval of time, so that, unless signals are scrupulously adjusted and observed, and time kept to the minute, disaster, from being imminently probable, becomes a fact. We all remember the collision in the Clayton Tunnel; how easily it might have been avoided had the signals been correctly made and understood; and how, when it came to pass, everyone admitted that it was a result so likely to happen, seeing how soon one train followed upon the other, that it was nothing short of a crime in the London and Brighton Company to put the lives of their passengers in such probable peril. But railway companies exist for one special object, and for that alone,—they work their lines to make them pay. And the question with them is, not whether, by increasing the number of trains, and despatching them one after the other, some lives and limbs will be sacrificed for which they will have to make compensation, but whether the increase of traffic gained at this hazard will show a profit when the general balance is struck. This is almost a principle confessed. Whether the collision of Tuesday last shall be cited as an instance of its application remains to be seen, when the circumstances attending it have been sifted. In the meantime, we have at least this ascertained result before us, that five persons were killed upon the spot, the lives of two others placed in jeopardy, from which they are not yet free, and several more or less injured, some of whom the company have already wisely compensated.

But if nothing more is absolutely proved against the company, there is at least strong ground for believing that the accident of Tuesday, like so many others where the slaughter has been of similar magnitude, was owing to the precipitous haste with which train was despatched after train without such interval of time as would render their undisturbed transit likely. The Ascot races on Tuesday, because of the many false starts which had been made, were not over until a late hour. About seven o'clock the station was thronged with passengers eager to be sent home as fast as the trains could be filled. As fast as they were filled they were sent off; and we are told that the train to which the accident shortly happened managed, in spite of the dangerous curves and steep gradients of the line, to reach Egham safe shortly before eight o'clock. We read that plate-layers had been stationed along the line at

intervals of a quarter of a mile each with flags, &c., to signal the different trains and guard against accidents. This was either an insufficient precaution, or it was not sufficiently observed. When the train pulled up at Egham the passengers' tickets were taken, and had there been no other delay all might have been well; but, unfortunately, an altercation arose about some cardsharps, whom their fellow-travellers insisted upon having removed from their carriage. This caused an additional delay of two minutes—not more, says the report in the *Express*; but just when the dispute had been settled, and as the train was moving away from the platform, up came the next train, and, *momento horæ*, the guard's van, the carriage next it, and part of the third carriage were dashed to atoms.

Two minutes did the business. One minute more, and the five men who were killed might have been still alive. This is travelling within an inch of one's life. A dispute about a pickpocket or a drunken man will make all the difference between an exhilarating run and a dire collision. But is such break-neck work under any circumstances pardonable? It may be urged by the South-Western Company that it was justified by the unexpected rush of passengers. That, we confess, seems to us to have been the very reason why it should have been avoided. A collision between trains of such immense weight as they were sending on, one upon the heels of the other, must be calamitous in the extreme; and it would seem, in this case, that not only was the collision probable, but that any precautions against such a result which might have been taken were wholly inadequate. The train which ran into the other appears to have come in without any warning. The guard, alarmed by the cries of the people at the station, who called to the passengers to jump out, had only time to leap from his van, leaving the skirts of his coat behind him in its wreck. Its fragments absolutely tore them off. In the presence of such a fact, what can we say but that, somewhere or other, there was a culpable negligence? When trains are despatched in rapid succession, the utmost vigilance is necessary to prevent disaster. But here there appears to have been nothing of the kind. Danger was invited, and it came.

KEENAN v. HANDLEY.

WE do not recollect any recent judgment which has given us more satisfaction than that pronounced by Vice-Chancellor Kindersley in the suit *Keenan v. Handley*; not because we can sympathize with the plaintiff in whose favour the judgment has been pronounced—it would not be easy to imagine the case of a woman less entitled to respect; but we are glad of her success, because it is a richly-deserved punishment upon a man of wealth and position, who has singularly transgressed the decencies of society, and who appears to be one of those to whom we are indebted for the growing influence of a class of women more injurious to morality than the outcasts of the streets. If such persons meet with men of family who will allow them to pass as their wives, and, under the influence of a base infatuation, will even promise them marriage—sometimes perform their promise, too—the encouragement to women of loose morals to enter upon a career of depravity becomes irresistible. It is absurd to talk in such a case of fallen women. An adventurer of personal attractions looks forward to the position of a rich man's mistress as a social prize, for which virtue, with its struggles and hardships, is well exchanged. Such a view of life and its duties is deplorable enough. But we have to deal—not with its lamentable character, but with the fact of its existence. Exist it does. Nor can we wonder at it. When gentlemen of rank contend for the honour of living with Mrs. Wyndham,—when the *Times* devotes its most prominent columns and type to rehearse the praises of "Anonyma," we cannot be surprised if girls in humble life, who have received from Nature the fatal gift of beauty, should desert the honest drudgery to which they are born, in order to try their chance of fascinating the rich and profligate. It is as a sharp rebuke to one of this latter class, and as inflicting a substantial penalty upon his folly, that we regard Vice-Chancellor Kindersley's judgment with satisfaction.

The defendant, Captain Handley, has held her Majesty's commission as lieutenant in the Scots Greys, and served for a time in the Crimea. He is a gentleman of property, and addicted to the turf, on which—for some reason or other which does not appear in the evidence—he is known, not as Handley, but as Coverdale. The plaintiff, Ellen Keenan, is an unmarried woman, who, before meeting with Captain Handley, had lived under the protection, as it is called, of more than one gentleman, and was by one of them the mother of two children. In

1859 she accidentally met Captain Handley near Hyde-park and the immediate result of that meeting was that he took lodgings for her and lived with her, under the names of Mr. and Mrs. Coverdale. On the 1st of October in the year following they had a child, which the defendant had baptized and registered at Surbiton, where it was born, under the sporting name. The plaintiff states that fourteen days after her confinement he promised her marriage, and that subsequently he many times renewed his promise. This Captain Handley denies. It happens, however, unfortunately for his denial, that there are three circumstances which strongly favour the position that such a promise was made. First, in his answer to the bill filed by the plaintiff, he states that when she asked him to marry her, he avoided the question; while in his oral evidence he swears that when she pressed her demand he invariably said that he would not, or could not. Secondly, Mr. Starling, a solicitor, whom the defendant had advised the plaintiff to consult with reference to the terms of a separation, states that when he mentioned to Captain Handley that Keenan had told him there had been a promise of marriage, the Captain paused and said nothing. "He did not deny the promise, but discussed the question of damages in an action of breach of promise." Thirdly, there is a letter of Captain Handley's bearing the post-mark 15th October, 1861, in which he writes from Newmarket: "Since I have been here I have been thinking seriously of what took place the other night, and the more I think of it the more convinced I am that it will be utter ruination to your happiness and mine if we were to marry." Taken with the preceding facts, this raises a strong presumption that a promise of marriage was really made. The Vice-Chancellor was of that opinion, and we cannot see that there can be any reasonable doubt of it.

But, however this may be, there can be no doubt whatever that Captain Handley promised the plaintiff an annuity of £150. This is clear upon the evidence of his own letters, dated September 25 and October 15, 1861. We see also, from his oral evidence, why it was that, in the latter, he was convinced that it would be ruin to his and her happiness that they should marry; for, at this time, he was acquainted with the lady whom he married in the following April. We are not surprised that, while this marriage was in contemplation, he should be so prodigal of his assurances of love for the plaintiff, and profess so strongly the unalterable character of his affection for her. But it is not till we see him in the witness-box that we obtain a full view of the man who would pick up a woman in the streets, pass her off immediately as his wife, promise her marriage, and break his promise—promise her an annuity, and break that promise too. All this was bad enough—immoral, but perhaps not incomparably so. But flatly to deny the first promise, on oath, and endeavour to sneak out of the second on a point of law, and on the plea that—within a month of his marriage to his present wife—he had reason to doubt that the plaintiff's child was his, was, indeed, incomparably mean and contemptible. Utterly useless, too. We have seldom read so strong a condemnation upon any party to a suit as that passed upon him by the Vice-Chancellor. He said:—

"Upon the question of testimony, the position of the parties was contrasted, and, no doubt, having regard to the fact that the defendant picked up the plaintiff in the street, it would be difficult to believe that a gentleman of family and fortune would make such a promise, however much attached to her, as he would be deterred by feelings of self-respect; but that improbability would be much diminished if that gentleman was one whose whole course of life betokened a deficiency of regard for himself or the honour of his family, and his Honour regretted very much to say that such was the case with the defendant. Not only was he connected with the turf, and led an immoral life, but he indulged in habits which damaged his fortune, and went by a fictitious name, not only as to matters connected with the turf, but in the neighbourhood in which he resided, and held out that the plaintiff was his wife, thereby dishonouring the name of Handley."

But now, when the defendant, in those hours of serious reflection which we presume come even to men who have a sporting alias, and whose general notions of propriety are not the strictest, looks back on the day when he met Ellen Keenan for the first time, he will have to couple with it the judgment which condemns him to pay £100 a year to an adventurer who has passed as Miss Keenan, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Coverdale, and Mrs. Boyles, and £50 a year to her daughter, with reversion to the latter of her mother's annuity when that lady dies. The penalty is sharp, but most deserved. And we sincerely wish that it could be repeated in every case where a man degrades himself, for the sake of a base sentiment, to be the companion of any woman, no matter how disreputable her character and antecedents, whose personal attractions may please him.

DETERIORATION OF IRISH HORSES.

WHILE Irish M.P.'s have been lamenting the exodus of their constituents, and attributing it, as we think, to any cause but the right one, Irishmen whose delight is in horseflesh have been wailing over the deterioration of the quadrupeds of the sister country. The plague which had induced tenant farmers to fly from their native soil, as if any other was preferable to it, had in some way smitten the hunters and racers for which Ireland used to be famous, and before long, unless something was done, there would be nothing left but the sorriest hacks to represent a breed which was once the envy of Europe. This natural falling off was, perhaps, in the minds of some, more to be regretted than the decline of population. Ireland had more than enough of men and women, and those who emigrated, if they were a loss to their country, would be a gain to their fellow-countrymen whom they left behind, by relieving the labour market, while it was certain that they would materially improve their own condition. But Ireland had not enough of good horses. Third-rate English racers came and carried off the Royal Plates on Irish race-courses. Brood mares and stallions of superior stock were things of the past. How had this degeneracy come to pass? Was it the fault of that mysterious influence which destroyed the potato crop, and knocked up the Galway packet station? There was a time when the interest taken in improving fine breeds was so great that it was proposed by Sir William Temple, that "for the honour of the winning horses, the Lord-Lieutenant or his deputy should attend, with two judges of the field, to decide all controversies, and with the sound of the trumpet to declare the winning horses (two plates being run for at the same meeting), the jockeys of which were permitted to ride from the field with the Lord-Lieutenant, and dine with him on that day, and there receive all the honours of the table." Nor was the trumpet blown to no effect. If she could point with pride to nothing else, Ireland could challenge Europe to compete with her horses; but now even this glory has passed away, and Sir Robert Peel, as angel-guardian of the sister-country, has been so affected by the change, that he has appealed to Admiral Rous for light upon so difficult a question. Would it be well to put down handicapping? Would it be well to limit the entries for the Queen's Plates in Ireland to Irish-bred horses? If not, what would it be well to do?

The Admiral replies, like a stout old Admiral, as he is, that patrons of the Irish turf are all at sea,—that their statement as to the deterioration of Irish horses is fallacious,—and that, "if they sell every first-class stallion, every superior mare, and every promising young horse, it is not surprising that they have nothing left to compete with the third-class of race-horses sent from England to pick up their royal plates." In fact, the decay of horses is referable to precisely the same cause as the decay of the population—emigration. Men and women leave Ireland because they can find better wages in America or our colonies. The horses leave it because their owners can get a better price for them from Englishmen and foreigners than they can at home. Irishmen have come to look upon their horses as articles of trade,—a wise determination, perhaps, though not very wisely carried out if they reduce their stocks, for the sake of ready money, to such a point that they have no good horses left. "No country," writes Admiral Rous, "can compete with the limestone pasturage of Ireland (especially Kildare) for breeding the best horses of every description. At this time, Ireland supplies the best heavy-weight hunters to foreigners and English gentlemen. They are bought up at two-years and three-years old by clever agents, always on the look-out ready to give large prices. At the last National Steeplechase in England five out of the first seven horses were Irish. An Irish hunter carries the highest price in every market. Good old horses are therefore scarce in Ireland; French or English money will buy them." Last year the Union Jack and Blarney, the two best two-year-olds, hailed from the sister island; and if of late years the Irish turf has not produced racers like Birdcatcher, Harkaway, The Baron, and Faugh-a-Ballagh, it is solely because Irish gentlemen convert their best horses into specie. The two last-named are now improving the breed in France.

Here, then, we see a complete explanation of the scarcity of Irish horses. It is not that the race has deteriorated—it is because the best horses have been sold, and sent out of the country. Nothing can be simpler. Go they must, if their owners will it; but they cannot go and stay. If Irish gentlemen choose to trade with their horses, they do well. There is no reason why horses should not become a staple trade in Ireland; and if the pasturage is superior to every other for breeding the best horses of every description, it might be well

if they were bred expressly for this purpose. But a man who intends to trade does not sell off the whole of his stock, without reserving the means of replenishing it. That is the providence which Admiral Rous has pointed out; and it sufficiently explains the whole mystery. "When these patrons [of the Irish turf], instead of trying to depreciate their own stock, will go to the expense of buying good stallions for the benefit of their tenants at a reasonable fee, when by private subscriptions they collect tempting prizes to be contended for by Irish horses, they will succeed in the object required." This is sound advice, and, if it is followed, there can be little doubt of the result.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS COMMISSION.

No. V.—PROPOSED REFORMS.

WE propose to consider in our present article the reforms suggested by the Commissioners for giving greater efficiency to our public schools. But before doing so we must trespass a little on our readers' patience. The reforms alluded to are partly economical, partly literary. Both, it will be conceded, are of the highest importance; and, though it may not be obvious at first sight, both are bound up inextricably with each other. We mean by economy not merely the expenses of tuition, boarding, and whatever else may be included in a boy's school bills, but the general management of the school itself, the choice of masters, the appointment of trustees, the arrangement and selection both of the executive and governing body, wherever these two are distinct. For it is clear to us that no amount of recommendation from the Commissioners, no pressure of public opinion, will induce the Provost and Head Master of Eton, or the principals of some other schools, whom we need not particularize, to alter their present system, at least, with that degree of efficiency from which any real improvement may be expected. The whole tone and style of the answers given by Dr. Goodford and Mr. Balston forbid us to hope any consent to reform on their part, still less their active co-operation. Nor in the teeth of their opposition can the junior assistant-masters do much, however liberal their views may be. They cannot venture to incur the general odium and unpopularity which would inevitably fall upon them from all quarters, if they advocated improvements irksome alike to their pupils and their fellow-masters. The school prospers financially; head and assistant masters derive from it large incomes; the present system of instruction commands a certain amount of success; it demands no thought, no mental exertion,—nothing, in short, beyond an amount of drudgery, which is amply rewarded by present and prospective advantages. Why should they attempt to enlarge it? Why trouble themselves to carry out reforms of which they do not approve, or introduce new branches of study with which they are not familiar? Prejudice, indolence, timidity, in short all the motives for inertness which act most powerfully upon men, will combine to render them indifferent to improvement. The old choke-weed of established habits, though rent asunder for a minute or so, will quickly gather together again, and mantle over the whole surface as before.

The only reasonable hope, the only practicable method, will be to break down the exclusiveness of the governing and tutorial bodies, and introduce new blood into both. Fellows of Eton must not from henceforth be chosen exclusively from the assistant-masters, nor must those masters be exclusively taken from Eton men. The trustees and managing bodies of all our great schools must be enlarged and liberalized, either by Government nominations, or by making certain professors and scholars, or fellows of scientific and learned societies, members *ex officio*. There is no professor in either University, scarcely any head, and truly no subordinate in any college in the kingdom, whose income is equal to that of an assistant-master of Eton, with his numerous and wealthy boarders. Why should it be deemed indispensable to justice and the welfare of the school that such men, in the prime of their life, should become Fellows of Eton? Were they underpaid, or worn out with exertion, there might be good reason for such an arrangement; but we cannot help thinking, that if a certain number of men distinguished for literary or scientific attainments were appointed to these fellowships, the character of the body would be raised in public estimation and the school would benefit by the change.

We are not singular in this opinion. In the answer returned to the inquiries of the Commissioners by the Rev. C. K. Paul, one of the assistant-masters of Eton, we find the following statement:—

"The masters—the head, lower, and assistant-masters—are engaged in actual life—facing actual difficulties. The governors, the provost,

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and fellows are men who are resting from their work, deeply imbued with the traditions of the past, conscious more than enough of the reforms it has given them to carry out, unable to see the need for fresh reform which arises, from time to time."

He then proceeds in the following strain:—

"It seems matter of doubt to many who are not fellows, or likely to become so, whether there be need that the College revenues should be spent on supporting so many gentlemen on retiring pensions, who have, at the same time, or may have, excellent benefices; and the question will arise in such minds, whether a part of the College income might not be spent in paying oppidan scholarships, or prizes for talent and application among the school at large."

Nor can we conceal from ourselves the fact, that until some such change as this has been introduced into the general management of Eton, and of other schools like Eton, it is hopeless to expect any efficient check upon the extravagant habits of Eton boys. Beyond their sense of right, the tutors have no interest in restricting a boarder's expenses. As Mr. Birch reports—"The ordinary charges and expenses usually included in the bills sent to parents amount to about £135 to £140 in my house. This sum is generally much exceeded, because many boys deal considerably with Eton tradesmen." And then he goes on further to say:—"The custom of dealing with Eton tailors and haberdashers seems to be on the increase, and the bills are often very large." Mr. Joynes reckons the annual expense at £160 or £180; Mr. Wolley at £183; Mr. James at £145; Mr. Darnford, another master, returns them at £120. We will not criticise these discrepancies. We believe Mr. Birch's statement implicitly. What parent who has a son at Eton is not fortunate to escape under £200 per annum? For it must be remembered that the sums set down by these masters of Eton do not include German, French, drawing, and a variety of items.

Nor are the expenses at Harrow more moderate. Therefore, it must be obvious that to the majority of professional men, and of the clergy in particular, an education at Eton or Harrow is unattainable. They must look elsewhere; and that class, for whom above all others a good education at a moderate charge would be most desirable, in all respects, is utterly excluded from those benefits which were mainly intended for them in the foundation of these schools. Moreover, it is to these classes, above all others, that the nation must look, not merely for its best scholars, but for the general encouragement of learning. It is to learning alone that the clergy and professional men can trust for the advancement of their sons. It is for learning alone that their sons are carefully trained, and sent to the great schools and universities. To the country gentleman it may be a matter of total indifference whether the successor to his property can translate a line of Virgil or write a sentence of English grammatically. He may run through his £1,500 or £2,000 a year just as well without Latin or Greek as with them. If he come at last to the Insolvent Court, or is inextricably involved with the Jews, Greek iambics or Latin hexameters will not retrieve his ruined fortunes, or purchase him, when all else has failed, a commission in the army, or a subordinate post under Government in Australia, at New Zealand, or the Cape. To the parvenu, who has risen into the aristocracy of wealth by commerce or some fortunate agency, it is the same whether his son carry away from Eton much or no learning. He is not sent thither for that purpose. How will Greek iambics help him to test the quality of wools, or decide how many yards of twist can be spun from a pound of cotton? Totally indifferent to learning, rather inclined to regard it as a disqualification to advancement in business, such a man sends his son to Eton to make acquaintances, whom he vainly expects—alas, how vainly!—will keep up his son's connection with good society, as it is termed, or at least open to him an admission to the saloons of fashion and aristocracy from which the less fortunate parent has been excluded. If learning be valued by such men at all, it is as a smart necktie or blue silk pocket-handkerchief; as something to be kept out of sight in all matters of business; as a drawback rather than otherwise for banking, cotton-spinning, the merchant's counting-house, and the attorney's office. We ask, then, what chance is there that the sons of such parents will ever advance the cause of learning? What likelihood is there that they will honour and cultivate those acquisitions in school which they have never been taught to respect at home? Their own future importance, their father's present prosperity, are in no degree attributable to learning. The honours and emoluments of the world, its luxuries, its enjoyments, its ease, and its splendour, are totally disconnected from all those studies for which schools like Eton and Harrow were founded. What connection literary pursuits can have with the hard business of life, how much they contri-

bute to its success, how much they add to its rational enjoyment, such boys do not learn at home, and most assuredly not at Eton.

It is otherwise with the sons of clergymen and professional men, who have been accustomed from their earliest years to see that their own and their father's honours and even livelihoods are intimately connected with intellectual eminence. In general they have nothing else to fall back upon. For business they have neither aptitude nor advantage. In nine cases out of ten the only career open to them is that of hard study and intellectual distinction. To those who will examine this subject it will appear astonishing how closely similar qualities of study or business descend from father to son, how generation follows generation in the same track of learning or worldly occupation, from the mere force of natural influences. But the inordinate expenses of our great public schools are by degrees alienating from them a class of boys upon whom hitherto their scholastic eminence has almost exclusively depended, much, indeed, to the injury of those boys, but not less to that of the schools themselves. The vast increase of wealth in the commercial classes, and their ambition to mix with the upper classes, have crowded our public schools with boys formerly educated at home or in commercial academies. This has introduced extravagant habits into our places of education, lowered the literary tone and scholastic attainments of the schools, acted with great disadvantage on the spirit of the boys, brought learning into disfavour, and must operate still more prejudicially in time to come. Unpalatable as the truth may be, we repeat that the sons of wealthy bankers, merchants, and cotton-spinners, intending to become partners with their fathers, and to succeed to their father's business, are, as a class, destructive to that spirit of learning which it is the great object of our public schools to maintain. To such boys scholarship is an accomplishment utterly foreign to the great purpose of their lives, one for which they have no heed and from which they expect no honour and no emolument.

And this remark brings us, in conclusion, to a suggestion made by the Commissioners which we would gladly see reconsidered. The collegers of Eton are the salt of the school. To them alone it is indebted for its eminence; the distinctions won by them have attracted its vast number of oppidans. To them Eton is indebted for its honours at Oxford and Cambridge. But these boys are in general the sons of clergymen and professional men, selected after a competitive examination, and representing exclusively those portions of the community for which such institutions as Eton were founded. They live a life apart; their numbers are too small to produce any impression on the large multitude of oppidans. This is the true nucleus of the school, its *anima mundi*, without which it would have collapsed long since. The way in which these boys have been treated, until a very recent period, is an indelible disgrace to the Provost and Fellows of Eton. The Commissioners recommend that the payments made by the parents of these boys should be reduced to a much smaller sum than at present—to £50 at least. We, on the other hand, think that a much greater boon would be conferred upon the nation if the sum now paid, instead of being reduced, were retained, and the number of boys on the foundation doubled. This would be the highest prize for education that could be instituted, and the greatest benefit to professional men of moderate incomes. By this increase of its numbers, the College would regain some of that influence it has lost by the overwhelming majority of the oppidans, send twice as many able men to the University, and give a stimulus to those studies generally which now command a very small minority at Eton.

DANIEL DEFOE, AUTHOR OF "ROBINSON CRUSOE,"

AS EXHIBITED IN HIS OWN CORRESPONDENCE, NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

"Unabashed Defoe."—POPE.

WE conclude our notice to-day of Defoe's correspondence with the Whig Ministers of George I. If any doubt could have existed in the minds of our readers as to the dishonesty of the compact entered into by this able yet corrupt writer with the supporters of the Government, or the terms on which his services were to be secured, it will be set at rest by the following letters. In them Defoe speaks of the success which had hitherto attended his efforts. "I have," he says, "kept the difficult people I have to do with within the bounds of duty" (that is, the Tory proprietor and writers into whose confidence Defoe, under the mask of a Tory, had contrived to insinuate himself). He continues, "It is a hard matter to please the Tory party, as their present temper operates, without abusing" (i. e., inserting into *Mist's* journal abusive articles reflecting on) "not only the Government, but the persons of our governors, in everything they write; but to the best of my skill I

cause all letters and paragraphs which look that way to be intercepted and stopped at the press."

In the next letter, for fear his meaning should not be clearly understood, or his services duly valued, Defoe explains his plan of operations more fully. It was "to seem to be on the same side as before (that is, the Tories), to rally *The Flying Post*" (a Whig journal, honoured with a place in the *Dunciad*), "the Whig writers, and even the word Whig, &c., and to admit foolish and trifling things in favour of the Tories." To bring over the proprietor to this discreditable arrangement, Defoe told him this was the only way to preserve his paper and keep himself out of gaol. How much credit is to be attached to the statements of a writer in his other works against his political and religious opponents, when he could thus prostitute his honour and his talents, we need not insist upon.

In conclusion, to prevent all doubts as to the authenticity of these letters, we wish our readers to be informed that the originals are preserved in the archives of the Government.

SIR,—When I had the favour of seeing you last, you were pleased to mention to me my particular concern, and that you would interest yourself in that part for me. The exceeding kindness of that offer, sir, encourages me to give you this trouble, and to observe to you that the half year expired the 17th inst.

I need say no more, but to ask your pardon for this freedom, and leave the rest to your own time and methods, and shall attend at what time you please to appoint.

I hope I have kept the difficult people I have to do with within the bounds of duty, and am in hopes to draw them gradually into yet narrower limits of respect. It is a hard matter to please the Tory party, as their present temper operates, without abusing, not only the Government, but the persons of our governors, in everything they write; but to the best of my skill, I cause all letters and paragraphs which look that way to be intercepted, and stopped at the press.

I am a little alarmed at a prosecution against Morpheus in the King's Bench Court, for a passage in the *Mercurius Politicus*, which began in a private person suing Morpheus on pretence of damages on a paragraph, printed from another printed paper, of a person hanged at York, for three half-pence. But it seems the Court, resenting a line or two in it as a reflection on the judges, have made it a public cause, and have committed Morpheus till sentence, which it is feared will be severe.

But, sir, I think myself obliged to lay before my Lord Stanhope the following particulars, in case they should offer to concern me in it. First, that it is two year or more since this was done, and, consequently, before the capitulation made in my Lord Townshend's time, when all former mistakes* of mine were forgiven. Secondly, that the thing itself was not mine, neither can any one pretend to charge it on me, otherwise than it might be said I saw or overlooked the book; nor, indeed, can they prove so much as that. So that I can in no wise be said to have failed in my duty on account of this latent affair, which, indeed, seems to me to be but trifling in itself.

I have an entire dependence on my lord's justice and goodness; that no offence formerly committed (were this really so) shall be remembered to my prejudice. However, I thought it my duty to give his lordship this account, that my enemies may not anticipate me by giving wrong and injurious accounts of it before me.

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,
May 23, 1718.

DEFOE.

N.B.—The words, as I hear them, which the judges take offence at, are in the introducing the story of the fellow that was executed, saying, it was a piece of justice unmixed with mercy.

SIR,—Since our last conference I have entered into a new treaty with Mr. Mist. I need not trouble you with the particulars, but in a word he professes himself convinced that he has been wrong, that the Government has treated him with lenity and forbearance, and he solemnly engages to me to give no more offence.

The liberties Mr. Buckley mentioned, viz., to seem on the same side as before, to rally the *Flying Post*, the Whig writers, and even the word "Whig," &c., and to admit foolish and trifling things in favour of the Tories. This, as I represented it to him, he agrees is liberty enough, and resolves his paper shall for the future amuse the Tories, but not affront the Government.

I have freely told him that this is the only way to preserve his paper, to keep himself from a jail, and to secure the advantages which now rise to him from it, for that he might be assured the complaint against him was so general that the Government could bear it no longer.

I said, sir, all that could be said on that head, only reserving the secret of who I spoke from; and concluded that unless he would keep measures with me and be punctual in these things, I could not serve him any farther or be concerned any more.

Thus far, sir, I have acted, I hope in a right method, in pursuance of which, in his next paper, he is to make a kind of declaration in answer to two letters printed in his last, wherein he shall publish his resolution not to meddle or write anything offensive to the Government.

In prosecution, also, of this reformation, he brought me this morning the inclosed letter, which, indeed, I was glad to see, because, though it seems couched in terms which might have been made public, yet has a secret gall in it, and a manifest tendency to reproach the Government with partiality and injustice, and (as it acknowledges expressly) was written to serve a present turn. As this is an earnest of his just intention, I hope he will go on to your satisfaction.

Give me leave, sir, to mention here a circumstance which concerns myself, and which, indeed, is a little hardship upon me, viz., that I

* His taking part with Harley and the Tories and abusing the Whigs.

† Note, in different hand and ink, in the margin, "Not true."

seem to merit less when I intercept a piece of barefaced, flagrant treason at the Press than when I stop such a letter as this inclosed, because one seems to be of a kind which no man would dare to meddle with. But I would persuade myself, sir, that stopping such notorious things is not without its good effect, particularly because as it is true that some people are generally found who do venture to print anything that offends, so, stopping them here is some discouragement and disappointment to them, and they often die in our hands.

I speak this, sir, as well on occasion of what you were pleased to say upon that letter which I sent you formerly about *Killing no Murder*, as upon another with verses in it, which Mr. Mist gave me yesterday, which, upon my word, is so villainous and scandalous, that I scarce dare to send it without your order, and an assurance that my doing so shall be taken well. For I confess it has a peculiar insolence in it against his Majesty's person, which (as blasphemous words against God) are scarce fit to be repeated.

I am the more concerned you should know this also, because, if I guess right, and Mr. Mist is of that opinion too, it is the same hand that the manuscript which I showed Mr. Buckley, of *Sultan Galga*, was written in, and, I suppose, come from the same quarter.

If you please to order my sending it, I shall obey, and, in the meantime, assure you no eye shall see it.

Here has been a very barbarous attempt made by Curl, the bookseller, upon Mr. Mist (viz.) to trepan him into words against the Government, with a design to inform against him. I think Mist has escaped him; but if he brings it into your office, I shall lay a clear state of the matter before you. I know the Government is sufficient to itself for punishing offenders, and is above employing trepanners to draw men into offences on purpose to resent them.

I am, Sir, your most humble and obedient servant,
Newington, June 4, 1718.

DEFOE.

SIR,—I gave you the trouble of a letter a few days ago. The account I gave you there of the conditions I had engaged Mr. M [ist] to, will I hope be satisfactory, and particularly in his performance of those conditions.

I suppose you will remember I hinted when I had last the favour of waiting on you, that there was a book printing at his house scandalously reflecting on my Lord Sunderland that M [ist] was willing, as a testimony of his sincerity, to consent to a method how to put it into his lordship's hands.

I have gotten the sheets into my hands in performance of this promise, and would gladly receive your commands about them.

I believe the time is come when the journal, instead of affronting and offending the Government, may in many ways be made serviceable to the Government, and I have Mr. M [ist] so absolutely resigned to a proper measure for it, that I am persuaded I may answer for it.

I am, Sir, your most humble and obedient servant,
June 13, 1718.

DEFOE.

THE correspondent of the *Daily News* states that when the French horse Vermuth gained his victory on Sunday over the English Blair Athol, such a shout of delight arose from the concourse of people as he never heard before. "The Emperor, who before had looked singularly apathetic, and had scarcely spoken to any one about him, rose from his seat and exhibited an outburst of enthusiasm such as I never before saw or heard from him. He laughed most heartily, shook himself in paroxysms of delight, and nodded to every one of the crowd below him as if he had been hailing a personal acquaintance. The people in the *Enceinte du Pesage* passed before the Emperor in sections, cheering vociferously, and some people threw their hats up in the air twenty yards high."

A PENSION of £80 on the Civil List has been conferred on Mr. Kenny Meadows, in consideration of the merit displayed in his "Illustrated Shakespeare," and other works; and of £500 on Lady Inglis, widow of Sir John Inglis, the defender of Lucknow.

THE almost incredible statement is made that no fewer than 40,000 Irishwomen are at this moment wandering outcasts in New York alone, the mothers, sisters, and daughters of men who have been plied with drink and carried off to fill up the broken ranks of the Federal army.

BECKWITH, the champion swimmer of England, was defeated by Mather of Manchester on Monday, in a two-mile race from Chiswick to Putney. Time, 31 minutes 12 seconds.

AN association has been formed to establish a club in London for the exclusive use of clergymen.—*Standard*.

THE annual dinner of the Royal Institute of British Architects took place on Monday evening, the 6th of June, in the saloon of the Wellington, St. James's-street, Thomas L. Donaldson, Esq., Ph. D., president, in the chair. Besides nearly 100 members of the profession, the following guests were present:—Sir Charles Eastlake, president of the Royal Academy; General Sabine, president of the Royal Society; Mr. J. P. Knight, R.A.; Mr. Westmacott, R.A.; Mr. David Roberts, R.A.; Mr. E. W. Cooke, R.A.; Mr. A. J. B. Beresford Hope, LL.D.; Mr. Bazalette, C.E.; Mr. C. Hutton Gregory, C.E.; Mr. Cole, C.B.; Captain Fowke, R.E., &c. &c. The debate in the House of Commons on the subject of the National Gallery, which took place on the same evening, prevented the attendance of several other guests,—Lord Elcho, Mr. Cowper, Mr. Tite, &c. &c.

It is said that Meyerbeer has left a voluminous will, written during the later years of his life, and only completed a short time before his last journey to Paris. He has appointed M. Benevitz his executor, and has designated a jurisconsult and a banker to assist him. According to the will, M. Meyerbeer's estate amounts to 3,000,000 thalers (11,160,000 francs); but a considerable part of it is entailed.

OUR UNIVERSITY LETTER.

OXFORD, June 9, 1864.

At the beginning of Anthon's edition of Cicero's "Select Orations" there is a general sketch given, in the form of a conversation, of the life and writings of that great orator. The sketch is not amiss in its way; but the shape in which it is thrown is extremely humorous, because it represents undergraduate life in Oxford in its most Utopian, but, I fear, most unreal form. The discussion of Cicero's merits is carried on in an amœbean between Doctor Barton, who appears to be the Head of a House, and Henry Milner, who is the model undergraduate. "I have waited upon you at this early hour, my dear Doctor," Henry begins, "to display a purchase which I recently made, and to ask your opinion respecting it. I have here the entire works of Cicero, in one stout octavo, by a German scholar of the name of Nobbe." Doctor Barton approves of the edition, and "as the delegates of the press will not meet to-day," he consents to hold forth to Henry about "the man of Arpinum." The conversation proceeds thenceforth with great vigour, and it is hard to say whether master or scholar makes the most valuable remarks. At the end of the 37th page the first part of the conversation comes to an end amid the lamentations of Henry, because he wishes to "attend to-day the visitation of the Bodleian Library, and to hear the Latin speech in the school of Natural Philosophy." I implore your readers not to come up to Oxford in hopes of finding Henry Milners and Dr. Bartons. They will not meet with the Head of a House "spinning a yarn" about Cicero; still less likely is it that they will hear of a young man waiting upon him at an early hour with an edition of Nobbe in one volume; least of all likely to find him enjoying a Latin speech under any circumstances whatever. But if this gives a false picture of the University, it is not a bit more false than the impression which must be conveyed of the life in Oxford to the visitors who come up in the Commemoration week. Doubtless they take for granted that it is a holiday time and do not expect to find their young friends hard at work, but what must be the view of college diet which they take back with them to the country! They must think that salmon cutlets and "cup" are absolute necessities at breakfast; they must believe that lobster salad is a *sine qua non* at almost every meal; that ices, ice-puddings, and early strawberries, are regular items in college battel-bills; so that many a sensible guest, when the excitement is over, groans over it, and exclaims, "What a preparation for being a poor curate!" But then it is altogether an exceptional time, no more like the ordinary habits of the place, than the ordinary habits are like the days of Henry Milner; the fowls in the surrounding villages, and the crustacea on the coast, ought to know by this time that such eating is perpetrated but once a year. But we have no right in Oxford to be talking about our Commemoration this year; your Cambridge correspondent has it all his own way with the banquets and processions, and the *hospitium saltatorium*, which have been doing their best to welcome the Prince and Princess as heartily as Oxford did last year. Indeed, it was rumoured not very long ago, that we were totally unable to rout up any personages on whom the University could possibly confer the honorary degree of D.C.L., and who might be offered as a sacrifice to the ferocity of undergraduate shouters in the gallery—

"Tempore non alio dicunt regionibus istis,
Quæsitos ad sacra boves."

However, sufficient have at length been discovered. Whether they served as a sacrifice or not, I cannot say; certain it is that the noisy shouts of the undergraduates in the Sheldon Theatre this year were admitted, on all hands, to be more aimless and more babyish than ever. Something must be done to check such a stupid drawback to the proceedings. Last year we were not allowed to offer this degree to Professor Kingsley, because his tenets were too broad to go through a certain sieve which is kept here behind the door of the Council chamber; this year it seems that the breadth of the Dean of Westminster's doctrines has stuck in some few of the meshes of the Cambridge sieve; but the voices of those who admire his liberality and nobleness of purpose were the loudest, and perhaps his connection with royalty silenced some tongues which would have wagged against him. Some punster of one of the Universities, regarding both the doctrine and the connection, has declared that the Dean ought to be incumbent of Broad-Windsor.

Your classical readers will remember the story of Circe in the "Odyssey," how she got hold of Ulysses' young men, gave them a good dinner and her best Pramnian wine, and next morning they woke and found themselves pigs. We are not let into all the mystery of Circe's glamour; but perhaps old Homer gives us a sly hint of it when he describes her as being *δαιμόνιον ὄντος ἀνθρώπου*. Commentators fight over the last word, but the simple and original interpretation of it is, "with powers of talking." Who shall say how much of the witch's sorcery lay in her tongue? However, it all turned out well; Ulysses got round Circe, and rescued his young men with the kind assistance of Hermes. Now, our young men at this University have had a good dinner and plenty of Pramnian at the Conservative Association, held at the Clarendon Hotel, in this city, and Lord Robert Circe (*ἀνδρόκοπος*) has talked to them, and Professor Mansel has made a humorous speech to them, and the Archdeacon of Taunton, having stated that all Conservatives were Churchmen, draws his illogical inference that all Churchmen are Conservatives (for which decision the Church certainly

does not owe him much), and the result is to be that the young men are to wake and find themselves pledged to the Conservative party. Well, all these things in a mere electioneering point of view are doubtless harmless and amusing enough; but it is a graver question whether University authorities can be justified in stimulating the rising generation to be what Archdeacon Denison glories in being, "party-men." It gives no happy prospect for the future of the University that still further attempts should be made to sunder it into opposing feuds. The danger shows itself already in the election to University offices and professorships, in which more than once reputation and ability have been disregarded for theological or political partisanship. Those of whom Oxford deserves better seem determined to perpetuate, if not to aggravate, this state of things. This letter is not the place to answer the aspersion that Churchmanship and Conservatism are convertible terms, but it does seem quite the place to protest against efforts made in high places to sow the seeds of bitterness and sectarianism for a future harvest. I cannot refrain from quoting the following sentences from the *Guardian* of June 1. They seem to administer a quiet and manly rebuke to the tone of the proceedings at the Conservative Association:—

"This Association," it says, "is composed largely, and we believe chiefly, of undergraduates, and to undergraduates the harangues of Saturday last were in great measure addressed. This is an innovation much more mischievous, which should not be suffered to pass without notice. It is a good thing that undergraduates should think and talk about politics; it is a bad thing that they should be encouraged to form political associations. To a young man just emerging from boyhood and still under training and discipline, who has not yet crossed the threshold of active life, and in whose head the ideas he has got from his father, his tutor, his friends, and his newspaper are all fermenting together, uncorrected by observation or reflection of his own, no worse service can be done than to entangle him, or encourage him to entangle himself, prematurely in party organisation, and bring him prematurely into connection with party men. In men of mature years it would be—we must be forgiven for saying—ungenerous, if it were not inconsiderate, to do this. Politicians by profession may not perhaps care much where they beat up for recruits. But University dignitaries should know better."

However, we, too, may find a kindly Hermes, as Ulysses did, to set all right again. Mr. Charles Neate and Mr. Göschel do not forget Oxford interests in the House.

The Vinerian Statute, the details of which were printed in a former letter, was thrown out by a considerable majority in a small Congregation. The objections raised to it were rather on points of detail than against the advisability of such a reform. It appeared to the objectors that the amount of work required from the Vinerian lecturer was insufficient; but what seemed a greater drawback was that the election would have been left in the hands of Convocation. Such elections do the University little good. Where all depends on the multitude of votes, where the power of the most competent judge is only equal to that of the man who is uninterested in or incapable of forming a judgment on educational questions, or, worst of all, when the election is determined by a political cry, the result is hardly likely to benefit or to be satisfactory to the University. Elections by Convocation are open to all these dangers; elections in the hands of a smaller board or of the Hebdomadal Council, though possibly far from perfect, would be free from, at least, part of them. A slight change in the statute would carry it through without an opposition. But the walls of Convocation house will be silent for four months, and grass will be peeping through the gravel of College quads in a few weeks. Next October we shall see what plots have been hatching and what reforms have been developing; old battle-fields will be fought over again, and doubtless a dozen new skirmishes will be set going. Of these you shall have due notice.

THE CHURCH.

SAINTS AND THEIR LEGENDS.

No. 15.—ST. COLUMBANUS.

Two Irish saints of the sixth century, whose lives were so closely united that it is better to take them together, rendered themselves remarkable by their missionary labours and by their influence on the future of western Europe. These were Columbanus and Gall. And it would seem that even in those remote times the activity of Irishmen became more useful when transplanted to other countries than when exercised at home. The saints who remained in Ireland appear to have become mixed up with the petty feuds and hostilities of their countrymen, if their legends be not the mere creations of a later age.

Columbanus was a native of Leinster, and was born towards the middle of the sixth century, it is supposed about the year 543, when Christianity had been but newly established in that province (*natus inter primordia fidei gentis illius*). It is related that, when his mother lay in childbed, she dreamt one night that she saw a sun rising out of her breast, which gave great light over the whole world, and that when the people wise in dreams were consulted, they prophesied that she would give birth to a boy who would rise to world-wide celebrity. Thus the sanctity of the child was announced before he was born. In his boyhood he was sent to school, and carefully instructed according to the teaching of that age; and, when somewhat more advanced in years, he

entered the celebrated Irish monastery of Bangor, in the county Down, on the coast of Ulster, there recently (it is said about the year 555) founded by St. Comgall, and crowded by a vast number of people, who sought to place themselves under that saint's monastic rule, which is said to have been formed upon the rules of the Byzantine and oriental monks. There is something remarkable in the character of these Celtic ascetics; they appear to have been thinking chiefly of their own individual holiness, and to have sought solitary places in which to indulge it, with only a secondary feeling of the wish to communicate it to others. After a while Columbanus was seized with an ardent desire to pass over to the continent of Europe, not to convert the pagan Germans, but to find a place for establishing a small religious house in greater solitude than could there be found in his native Ireland, which began to be overflowed with the tide of monachism. He took with him twelve companions,—twelve and a superior was the regular number of a convent,—and among these was another man who also attained to great celebrity under the name of St. Gall. Gall was younger than Columbanus, but he had received his instruction in that same monastery of Bangor.

The date of the departure of Columbanus from Ireland must have been a little before the year 575, when he is supposed to have been about thirty years of age. He proceeded with his companions through Britain, then occupied in great part by the Anglo-Saxons, to Gaul, which had fallen under the power of the Franks. When they arrived in the latter country, Sigebert was King of Austrasia, or the north-western kingdom of the Franks, and not only his kingdom, but the two others, were agitated by political intrigues, amid which religion had become greatly debased. The emigrants made their way to the court of Sigebert, where they met with a very favourable reception, and, as their object was to find a solitary place, they obtained without difficulty his permission to establish themselves in the wild forests of the Vosges, which lay between the kingdoms of Austrasia and Burgundy. They wandered over this solitary region until they came to the ruins of an ancient Roman station to which tradition gave the name of Anagrates, which is preserved in the modern name of Anegray. The ruins of Roman towns and stations destroyed by the barbarians offered especial attractions to the early Christian ascetics; the ruined houses offered, with little trouble, ready dwellings, and materials for more important buildings; the superstitions of the Teutonic race peopled them with noxious spiritual beings, which, by the no less superstitious feelings of the early Christians, were transformed into demons, with whom it was the greatest ambition of these Christian hermits to contend; and this same superstition secured the human solitude which they sought. Here, we are told, they found nothing but herbs and the bark of trees to satisfy their hunger, and this wretched diet brought upon them fever, under which one of the brethren seemed to be sinking. When the invalid had lain nine days in this condition, the necessitous position of the settlers at Anegray was revealed in a vision to Caramtocus, the abbot of a monastery named in the Latin of the narrative, Salicis, in the country bordering upon the Vosges, who immediately gave directions to his cellarer, named Marculf, to load several waggons with provisions and carry them to the sufferers. When the abbot's servants reached the forest, they found no beaten track, and, totally ignorant of the way which they ought to take, they resolved to leave it to God's providence, and gave the reins to the horses; and the latter, under Divine guidance, proceeded direct to Anegray. By this seasonable relief, Columbanus and his companions were soon restored to perfect health.

Even this solitude was not sufficient for Columbanus, and he left the society of his monks from time to time to seek a still wilder and less frequented spot. In his wanderings he encountered frequent dangers, most of them arising from the hostility of Satan. On one occasion he was attacked by twelve demons in the shapes of wolves. At another time he narrowly escaped worse opponents even than wolves, a party of the savage Suevi wandering in search of plunder, whom he believed to be so many demons in human shape. At length he came to a vast rock, and found in it a cave which was exactly to his taste, but on entering it he found that it was the den of a ferocious bear. However, he boldly approached the animal, bade it depart and never return, and it obeyed his command with the utmost humility. Columbanus now adopted this cave as his private residence, though from it he still governed the monastery of Anegray, from which it was about seven miles distant. His only companion was a boy, who administered to his wants; and he, or at least the boy, only felt one serious inconvenience, arising from the circumstance that the nearest water was found in a spring at the top of the rock, the ascent to which was long and arduous. One day the boy complained to his master of fatigue, and Columbanus miraculously drew the water from the lower part of the rock near the entrance of his cave, in a stream which never afterwards ceased to flow. Here the saint's ordinary food consisted of herbs and the wild crabs which grew abundantly in the forests around, with fishes supplied miraculously from the neighbouring Moselle. Columbanus, indeed, now became celebrated for his miracles. One of the duties of the monks of his order was to support themselves by manual labour, and as they cultivated the lands in the neighbourhood of the monastery, untimely rain never fell upon their harvests. One day, in reaping, one of the Frankish monks who had joined his establishment, named Theudegisil, accidentally cut off a finger, which Columbanus immediately restored. Several of his miraculous cures are recorded. A barrel of beer belonging to the saint was left running by one of his servants, but although there was no impedi-

ment to hinder the whole from running out, the liquid itself was respectful to its master, and hours afterwards it was found that not a drop had been wasted. It was, however, with the wild beasts of the forests that Columbanus, having deserted the society of men, became familiarly associated, and he obtained over them a miraculous ascendancy. We have already seen how the bear submitted to his bidding. In reaping, the monks used gloves, and one of those belonging to Columbanus was carried off by a raven while he was seated at the refectory with his companions; when the robbery was discovered, the saint called upon the depredator to bring the glove back, and the raven immediately restored it. In one of his solitary excursions Columbanus found a bear eating a stag which had been killed by wolves. He saw that the skin of the stag would be useful to him, and he ordered the bear not to damage it, upon which the obedient animal left the carcass without further injury; and the word of the saint was so powerful that even the birds of prey kept at a respectful distance until the servants of Columbanus had taken away the skin. Indeed the beasts and birds of the forest became tame at his voice; and his biographer bears witness to the fact that at his call a squirrel descended from the trees, let Columbanus take him in his hand, and lay contented in his bosom.

Meanwhile, Frankish enthusiasts came to reside with the Irish monks at Anegray, until their number increased so much that it became necessary to seek a site for a larger and more convenient establishment. This was found at a distance of about eight miles from Anegray, where there lay the extensive ruins of a Roman town, which had been called Luxovium, subsequently changed to Luxeuil. Here the monk found abundant materials for building a large monastery, which became the head house of his order. His reputation for holiness had become so great, that even men of rank and wealth abandoned the world to share his retirement; and, having found a beautiful spot amid the woods, and watered by a pleasant stream, which bore the name of Fontaines, he built there another monastic home, and established in it a priory dependent upon Luxeuil. Although, however, Columbanus retained in his hands the superintendence of both houses, he seems to have spent most of his time in wandering alone in the forest, and he occasionally went as far as his old cave, and remained there for several days together.

Columbanus remained at Luxeuil in tranquillity during twelve years, and then he encountered persecutions to which he gave some provocation by his excess of zeal. It is well known that the British and Irish Churches held opinions different from those then entertained by the Church of Rome, especially in regard to the time of celebrating Easter, and these opinions Columbanus had carried into his monastic establishments in the forests of France; out of them arose a controversy with the French clergy, and he was obliged to defend himself before a council, which appears to have left him in peace out of consideration for his great holiness of character. His next persecution was more violent, and came from a different quarter. Theuderic at this time occupied the throne of Burgundy, within the limits of which Luxeuil stood, but reigned entirely under the influence of his grandmother, Brunehaut. Theuderic had sent away his wife, and was living loosely with concubines, and his irregularities were encouraged by Brunehaut as a means of securing her influence over him, and she felt that this influence was in danger from the earnest expostulations of the saint, whom Theuderic frequently visited, because he thought the holiness of such a man was a protection to his kingdom. One day, as Columbanus approached her palace, Brunehaut went out to meet him, leading by the hands the two sons of the king by one of his concubines, asking the saint to give them his blessing, but he turned from them disdainfully, observing, "These children shall never wield a sceptre, for they are bastards and the offspring of sin." Again, after the king had ceased to visit the saint in his monastery, Columbanus, having to attend the court, refused, in language equally offensive, to enter the king's house or to accept food from him. The French clergy all turned against him, and the king, at the instigation of Brunehaut, resolved to expel him from the kingdom. Columbanus was placed under arrest, and was carried to Besançon, whence, not being very strictly guarded, he made his escape, and returned to his monks at Luxeuil. He was, however, seized again, and treated much more rigorously by his captors, as they carried him, by way of Orleans and Tours, to Nantes, with one or two of his monks, who alone were allowed to accompany him. We learn that St. Gaul was one of these. At Nantes they waited for a ship bound for Ireland, and when this was ready to start the officers of Theuderic put Columbanus and his companions on board, and enjoined them never to think of returning. Not long afterwards Columbanus died, and in due course of time was canonized.

[END OF THE SERIES.]

THE Archbishop of Canterbury has decided the so-called appeal under the Church Services in Wales Bill, by confirming the Bishop of Bangor's nomination of a minister to perform English services at Caerdeon Chapel. The practical effect of this decision will be that the Rev. W. E. Jelf's private services will henceforth be open to the public, so that the English in the neighbourhood will have the enjoyment of the means of grace, of which they have been deprived for sixteen months.—*Times*.

THE will of the late Dr. Davys, for nearly a quarter of a century Bishop of Peterborough, has been proved by his two sons and executors—the Rev. E. Davys, vicar of Peterborough, and the Rev. O. W.

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Davy, rector of Wheathampstead. The personalty was sworn under £80,000, and is equally divided among the late Bishop's four children—Mrs. Pratt, wife of the Rev. Canon Pratt; Mrs. Argles, wife of the Rev. Canon Argles, and the two sons already named. The real estate, which includes several valuable farms, is bequeathed to the eldest son, the Vicar of Peterborough, subject only to the payment of an annuity of £50 to a widowed relative at Oxford. There are no other bequests of any kind. In addition to the income of his bishopric the deceased prelate possessed independent property to the amount of fully £500 a year.—*Illustrated London News*.

THE REV. JAMES BRIERLY, Incumbent of Holy Trinity, Mossley, near Congleton, having written to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and his diocesan, the Bishop of Chester, stating that he has found Bishop Colenso's "arguments in the main irresistible," and that he does not consider any of the answers satisfactory, is very angry because their lordships have not answered him, and sends his letter to the papers.

THE *Cambria Daily Leader* hears that Thomas Savin, Esq., Mayor of Oswestry, has offered to follow the example of Mr. W. Williams, M.P., by giving the sum of £1,000 towards the proposed University for Wales; and also, conditionally, five acres of land for building.

FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION—OLD MASTERS' EXHIBITION.

THE British Institution, with every advantage of patronage and its long list of hereditary governors and life-governors, all more or less connoisseurs in art, is pronounced a failure so far as the exhibitions of modern art are concerned. Artists refuse to be ruled by the lay element, and they show their dislike in the most deadly way by declining to send their pictures. Of course we shall not say the walls are not covered—that may be relied on as a certainty; but, unfortunately, for several years past, this has been done with a very wide spread of feeble and commonplace pictures. It is difficult to see a reason for this, except in the apathy of the directors themselves, who must be influential and respected amongst artists of the superior order, and, if they chose, could induce them to contribute towards an exhibition such as in former days represented English art honourably. But if the Institution have an opportunity for distinction in the service of art, and really is to continue its existence for the purpose avowed at its establishment more than half a century ago, one would imagine it should be in collecting together for exhibition some of the fine examples of the old masters to be found in the galleries of its patrons and governors. In 1835, Dr. Waagen, visiting the exhibition, expressed his astonishment at the number of fine examples lent from the Royal collection and other galleries, many of which were of the highest class. This excellence has not certainly been maintained of late years; there has been an increasing display of Dutch pictures, with a corresponding absence of the works of Italian masters, while the general space has been filled up with almost anything in the shape of a picture that could be borrowed to do duty as an old master, and make up a respectable catalogue. We cannot think, that while taste in the arts is spreading and gaining in refinement, there can possibly be less disposition, on the part of those who possess fine pictures, to aid the Institution. Loan exhibitions of the rarest, most valuable, and unreplaceable works of art have become quite an established thing at South Kensington and other places, but these, of course, are not got up without trouble. Therefore we look with the more regret and the less indulgence upon the flagging spirit that directs the British Institution in forming these annual exhibitions of the works of the old masters. The importance and interest of such an exhibition are not for a moment questionable; it is one far too valuable to be allowed to pass without noticing its shortcomings, for, happily, in art the greed for good things becomes quickened and freshened by indulgence, and the enjoyment more delightful.

The Italian pictures, not reckoning the fifteen by Canaletto in the present exhibition, may be counted on the fingers, and of these not more than three or four possess any great interest. The small portrait by Leonardo da Vinci is one of these, not so much for any great beauty of the work, but as being a genuine work of the great genius of his age—the man who painted beautiful pictures, built bridges, and aqueducts, and tunnels, proposed to move the Cathedral of San Lorenzo bodily, without shaking a stone, who sang his own sonnets, and played the lyre better than any professor of the time. This picture, which is placed at the top of the principal room, represents a youth with flaxen hair, cut straight across the forehead, wearing a close cap, his dress a richly embroidered vest. In the one hand, which is very poorly drawn, he holds a label, on which is written the date, 1494, and the monogram MR., anno 20. The portrait is said to be one of the Archintia family of Milan, and was no doubt painted at the time Leonardo was attached to the court of Duke Sforza. The colouring of the flesh is probably faded to the almost livid tint it now has, and there is little beyond the thoughtful look and good drawing of the features to stamp it as the work of the painter of the famous "Cenacolo." The picture belongs to Mr. W. Fuller Maitland.

Luini, a pupil of the great Leonardo, and so far his equal that his pictures have long been mistaken for the master's, with far less power, has more sweetness and grace than Leonardo. His easel pictures give no idea, however, of his full capacity; to see him at his best, we must go to the frescoes in the Convent Degli Angeli,

at Lugano, or the Carmine at Milan. The picture of the baptism of our Saviour (21), contributed by Lord Heytesbury, is remarkable for extreme refinement and feeling for beauty. It is a good composition, representing a landscape, with angels attending and holding the garments of our Saviour. The figure of Jesus is so softened and modified from the ordinary model that it approaches the feminine character adopted by the Greeks which has been distinguished by the term "Androgynous." The school of Parma formed by the great works of Coreggio, though arising out of the works of Leonardo, added more freedom and boldness in the drawing of the figure, much greater variety of attitude, particularly in the use of foreshortening, and great beauty of light and shade. The two small examples of Coreggio exhibited by Mr. W. Fairholme serve to point out the master. "Christ's Agony in the Garden" (37) is somewhat similar to the small work of the same subject in the National Gallery; but the figure of Christ, with outstretched arms praying, is much finer. The angel in the sky and the three disciples asleep at the foot of the picture show the great facility of drawing in Coreggio's work. In the "Virgin and Child with St. Catherine" (47), the exquisite sweetness and grace of expression in the Virgin's head are very striking, and the fine light and transparent shadow of the painting are great beauties in the picture. To appreciate this gift in Coreggio, we should look at the picture by Caravaggio (79), "Christ at Emmaus," where all his cold, hard, and abrupt manner of treating light shade is displayed. Caravaggio, like Guercino, another of the Caracci school, only seems to have striven to produce these effects so unpleasing to the eye, and Spagnoletto, at the same time, at Naples, painted much in the same manner. Salvator Rosa, another of the Neapolitan school, with more originality, especially in his feeling for mild landscape, when he painted figures, preferred abrupt contrasts of light and shade. There are two fine examples of Salvator in the exhibition: (55) "Jacob's Dream," from the Duke of Devonshire's collection, and (57) "Theseus, with his Mother Æthra, showing him his Father's Sword," which comes from Sir R. Sheffield's gallery. The portrait of "Massaniello" (46), which belongs to Mr. Munro, may very possibly be a study by Salvator Rosa from the life, as his society was that of all the rascals of the lazzaroni; but how it has been identified with Massaniello we are at a loss to see. The large work by Ludovico Caracci (86), "St. Francis in a Trance Receiving the Stigmata," from Mr. Bulteel's collection, represents the sainted monk fallen back in a landscape, while an angel in the sky plays the violin—a most absurd little figure, one of those gross anachronisms like Garrick's playing Othello in an English court-dress. The one example of Guido is a really fine portrait of Cardinal Ubaldini (18). The Luca Giordano—a "Judgment of Solomon"—possesses but small interest, except as being the property of the London Hospital. He was a painter who gained little more merit than the nickname the Neapolitans gave him of "Fa Presto." Velasquez, the king of Spanish painters, is finely represented by his three full-lengths, lent by Mr. H. Hath, Philip IV. of Spain, Elizabeth of Bourbon, his queen, and Gaspar Guzman, Duc d'Olivares, his minister; besides which, there is the equestrian portrait of Philip when a boy, which belongs to Mr. Bulteel. Perhaps none of these convey so good an idea of the great painter's immense power of hand and gift of composition, as the sketch for the picture in the Madrid Gallery, called "Las Meninas," the subject of which is the Infanta Margaretta posed with her attendant dwarfs in the studio of the painter, who has painted in himself standing at the easel. This most interesting sketch is contributed by Mr. J. P. Bankes. By Murillo, the painter of the picturesque and sweet in expression, there is an admirable example of his sketchy manner in a picture of two Seville girls looking from a window—one laughing right boldly, the other more modestly disposed to hide behind the curtain. The "Santa Rosa," also by Murillo (115), which the catalogue informs us was once in the collection of the Marquis di Ledesma, is in the painter's more feeble manner, and not remarkable for any fine technical qualities.

The Dutch school is not so well seen as usual: the famous "Mill" of Rembrandt (112), from the Marquis of Lansdowne's gallery at Bowood, is a well-known picture, as wonderful in landscape art as anything the great master of light ever painted in portraiture and subject-pictures. Our modern painters who strive to paint brilliant effects should come before this picture to learn the difference between bright paint and luminous tone. There is, for the sake of comparison, an imitation of this splendid picture by J. Ward, R.A., amongst the English pictures, and an equally miserable attempt by Copley to represent the colouring of Coreggio's "St. Jerome." Another picture attributed to Rembrandt, and which, though unlike him, could hardly have been painted by any other hand, is (91) "An Interior," with a man in a red cap leaning against a window reading. This is lent by Sir W. W. Knighton. A fine sea piece by J. Ruysdael, from the Marquis of Lansdowne's collection, a Hobbima of the Duke of Devonshire's, and another from Earl Dudley's gallery, with two fine large examples of Vanderveelde and Backhuysen, and a large landscape by Both, belonging to the Earl of Zetland, with a Cuypp from Mr. J. Bond's, are good examples of the Dutch school of landscape. In portraiture there is a picture by Govaert Flück of an unknown personage in black velvet cloak and lace collar, with flaxen hair, which might be mistaken for Rembrandt, whose pupil Flück was for a time after leaving the school of Lambert Jacobs. Though not much known in England, unless it be for his close resemblance to Rembrandt, though his work is by no means equal in richness or delicate modelling, yet Govaert Flück has left some fine large works at

Amsterdam in the Town Hall and the Musée. The portrait of Lord Strafford by Vandyke, which is from the gallery of Sir Philip Egerton, is one of his finest works, resembling, in massive painting and powerful colour, the "Gevartius" in the National Gallery.

The pictures by deceased British artists are not particularly flattering to the national vanity. The directors seem to ring the changes on Romney, Reynolds, and Gainsborough, with an occasional Crome landscape or a Patrick Nasmyth, as if there were no other English painters of merit to be found in the private collections. Two portraits by Gainsborough are excellent—the Duchess of Gloucester and a full-length of Lady Sheffield. The portrait of Maria, Duchess of Gloucester, is a half-length, very beautifully painted, and a very interesting picture, as the portrait of the last lady commoner likely to marry a Royal duke. The picture quite confirms Horace Walpole's description of his charming niece in the postscript of one of his letters:—"I forgot to tell you of a wedding in our family; my brother's eldest daughter is to be married to-morrow to Lord Albemarle's third brother, a canon of Windsor. The bride is very agreeable, and sensible, and good, not so handsome as her sisters, but farther from ugliness than beauty. It is the second, Maria, who is beauty itself! Her face, bloom, eyes, hair, teeth, and person are perfect. You may imagine how charming she is, when her only fault, if one must find one, is that her face is too round." In a letter the following year (1759) he says he has made a great conquest, but no dispute with the neighbouring Prince of Isleworth, or any recent expedition to Hounslow Heath, but—"in short, I have married—that is, am marrying—my niece, Maria, to Lord Waldegrave. I jumbled them together, and he has already proposed. For character and credit he is the first match in England; for beauty, I think she is. She has not a fault in her face and person, and the detail is charming—a warm complexion tending to brown, fine eyes, brown hair, fine teeth, and infinite wit and vivacity." Walpole, in the same letter, remarks that his family lose nothing letting him dispose of them; what would he have said to Maria becoming the wife of the King's brother? It was not Maria who was the mother of "Silly Billy," but the daughter of George III., whom the son of William Henry of Gloucester married.

MUSIC.

THE production of Flotow's "Stradella" at the Royal Italian Opera can scarcely advance the interests of the establishment any more than it will serve those of the art. The composer's previous and more popular work, "Martha," in which his very small powers appear to have been exerted to their utmost capability, is an inoffensive composition, which is tolerated chiefly from its unpretending nature and the liveliness of the story. But when still weaker music is allied to a capital subject spoiled in its dramatic treatment, the whole assuming the importance of a "romantic opera," there is no escape from critical condemnation. The story of Stradella, the celebrated singer and church composer of a century and a half ago, softening the hearts of the assassins commissioned to destroy him by a revengeful rival, admits of most effective stage treatment, both dramatic and musical. The sunny tone of Italian life, the carnival gaieties and cathedral solemnities, offer so many opportunities for contrast and variety that neither composer nor opera poet need desire a better subject to work upon. In the present case, so poorly have both offices been fulfilled that we may hope some day to have a better version of "Stradella," at least in its musical rendering—just as Paisiello's feeble "Il Barbiere" was superseded by Rossini's brilliant setting of the same opera, and Gaveaux's weak "Leonora" by Beethoven's profound "Fidelio." These invidious comparisons are rendered unavoidable by the production of such a work as "Stradella" at an establishment like the Royal Italian Opera, where we are accustomed to hear the great masterpieces of the lyric drama. Flotow's "Stradella" fails in all the essentials of dramatic music—it is neither original, nor does it "assume a virtue" by imitating good models; if like anything, it resembles a weak dilution of the smallest French style, with all its pungency taken out of it. So far from being "romantic" in its tone, it is one level of ordinary commonplace—neither the elevated enthusiasm of the great singer and composer, the devoted and passionate loves of himself and Leonora, the deadly revenge of the lady's guardian, nor the fell purpose of the hired murderers, finding any characteristic expression in the music assigned them—they all utter the same kind of conventional singing, as untrue to the passion as to the period of the action. The turning the assassins into two rollicking cowardly buffoons completely destroys all effect of picturesqueness and verisimilitude—such grimacing vagabonds never could have plied the trade of cut-throat, and would certainly never have been intrusted with any commissions in that line of business. By far the best thing in the opera is the hymn which Stradella sings in the last act, and which is supposed to soften the murderers (who, by the bye, are, during the whole scene, grimacing, and mimicking the singer behind his back). This air, which has considerable grace and elegance, we believe is M. Flotow's own; and not, as asserted by a great press authority, an old composition of the real Stradella—having probably been confounded with the "Pieta, Signore," of that composer. The ballet music, of which there is a large allowance, is generally commonplace; and when lively approaches vulgarity. The performance, as usual at the Royal Italian Opera, was excellent throughout, and would have ensured the success of the work had it possessed any elements of vitality. Herr Wachtel has seldom been heard to better advantage than in this opera, the music lying

well for the higher and better notes of his voice—indeed, it must be conceded that M. Flotow writes well for his singers; better, indeed, than for his orchestra. Mdlle. Battu's French style was well suited to the music of her part, which has more analogy with that school than with any other. Signor Ronconi and Signor Ciampi certainly did not underdo the broad humour of the two assassins—they were excessively funny, but absurdly impossible, bandits. Herr Wachtel's leave from Vienna having expired, he was replaced in the part, on Monday, by Signor Naudin. It is doubtful, however, whether much more will be heard of "Stradella" this season; nor is it desirable, considering the affluence of great works, splendidly mounted, which distinguishes the *répertoire* of the Royal Italian Opera.

The sudden departure of Mdlle. Pauline Lucca has probably hastened the assumption by Mdlle. Adelina Patti of the part of Marguerite in Gounod's "Faust." It was announced in the programme of the season that these two ladies would alternate the part, and much speculation was excited as to the success of Mdlle. Patti in a character so different from any in which she had previously appeared, and one which had already found several admirable representatives. All doubt on the subject, however, was settled on Tuesday night, when Mdlle. Patti achieved a success even greater than any she has yet accomplished. The exquisite refinement, the artless innocence, the graceful simplicity of the earlier scenes, have never yet been so charmingly given. Mdlle. Patti is neither so reserved and impassable as Madame Miolan-Carvalho, nor so vivacious as Mdlle. Lucca, nor yet so demonstrative as Mdlle. Titiens. She preserves a medium between these characteristics which approaches more nearly our ideal Marguerite than any we have yet seen. Perhaps in the later and more tragic scenes somewhat more of intensity might be wished. In the duel-scene, for instance, her agony at the death of her brother was scarcely sufficiently displayed; and, in the final scene, a little more passionate self-abandonment might be desirable. But these deeper shades of colouring will probably be developed by reiterated performances. As already indicated, the earlier scenes were nothing short of perfection—the "jewel song" was given with a light brilliancy of execution, a buoyant outburst of excited rapture, and a finished style and intonation that it has never yet received from any other singer. In short, Mdlle. Patti's success was triumphant. Such a representation of such a work as the Royal Italian Opera performance of Gounod's "Faust" is more than sufficient to atone for a "Stradella," and, indeed, is calculated to extinguish any such triviality.

The Popular Concert of Monday last was devoted to the benefit of Herr Ernst, the celebrated violinist, whose long-continued illness has deprived the public of the performances of one of the most intellectual of modern instrumentalists. Although debarred from the active exercise of his profession, Herr Ernst has occupied his hours of sickness by composing for his instrument, and several of his new works were performed on Monday, in his honour and for his service, by Messrs. Joachim, Wieniawski, Ries, Webb, and Piatti, with the addition of pianoforte playing by Mr. Charles Hallé, and vocal performances by Mr. Sims Reeves and two new arrivals from the Continent—Mesdames Meyer-Dustmann and Leschetizka. The occasion, involving a tribute and aid to a great artist incapacitated by illness, is not one for criticism; and we may well, therefore, postpone any analysis of the important novelty of the evening, Ernst's new quartet, until its next performance.

Mr. W. G. Cusins and Mr. J. F. Barnett both held their concerts on Wednesday night; but although the distance between St. James's Hall and the Hanover-square Rooms is small, it is yet impossible to report fully on these simultaneous performances. Both gentlemen are admirable pianists and accomplished musicians. Mr. Cusins had the advantage of an orchestra, which gave Bach's suite in D major and Wagner's "Tannhäuser" March, besides an overture and a scherzo composed by Mr. Cusins, who also played Hummel's "Retour de Londres," with orchestral accompaniment, and a fantasia unaccompanied. Mr. Cusins's neat and certain execution and elastic touch were admirably displayed in the rondo of Hummel, the style of whose pianoforte music is especially suited to him. Mr. Barnett, besides his capital pianoforte playing, brought forward a new string quintet of his composition—a work containing much clever writing, but with too great a tendency to a reiteration of short sequences. Each movement, moreover, is overwrought and unduly prolonged, with the exception, perhaps, of the scherzo and trio, which are by far the best portions. The work altogether has much promise in it, but would have been better if less redundant.

NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"MELODIES de Schubert, pour Piano, par Henri Roubier" (published by Messrs. Ashdown & Parry, Hanover-square), are twenty of the best songs of the best German song-composer, transcribed for instrumental performance independently of the voice. Unlike many so-called "transcriptions," these arrangements adhere closely to the originals, neither the keys nor the passages being changed with that licence and freedom which are too largely used by transcribers in general; one of the greatest offenders in this way being Liszt, many of whose arrangements are mere apologies for the introduction of his own flights of discursive finger work. The title of "paraphrase" may admit of some freedom of this kind, but a transcription, like a translation, should be as close

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to the original as possible. M. Roubier has performed his task well and conscientiously, and has produced a series of arrangements which deserve their second title of "Études d'expression," being well calculated to develop the feeling and sentiment of the pianoforte student. The nearer the pianoforte player can approach to the most refined vocal expression, the more likely is he to arrive at the highest aim of his art—that of appealing to the imagination and sensibility of his hearers. Next to the poetical pianoforte music of Beethoven there is, perhaps, nothing in existence for that instrument so calculated to develop the player's powers of expression as Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," and the arrangements before us are worthy of serving as a pendant to these. M. Roubier has, in most cases, preserved the melody unaltered, and at the same time has skilfully retained all those charming features of the accompaniment which give an added value and interest to Schubert's expressive and poetical songs. The whole of the arrangements now referred to are valuable as studies of style; and some have also a value as exercises for mechanism, such as the "Ave Maria," which affords excellent practice for the left hand. Out of the very large number of Schubert's songs there is ample room for at least another similar series of M. Roubier's arrangements.

Messrs. Metzler, of Great Marlborough-street, are publishing a series of "Drawing-room Operettas," for private performance, the characters being represented by from two to four persons. The great success of Mr. Macfarren's "Jessy Lea" has given an impulse to this species of musical entertainment, in which a definite purpose replaces the ordinary miscellaneous ill-assortment of drawing-room music. The little dramas which serve as the framework of Messrs. Metzler's series are written by Mr. J. P. Wooller, and consist of a simple and intelligible plot treated in a lively and pleasant manner. The two numbers before us, "The Haunted Mill," music by J. E. Mallandaine, and "Cousin Kate," set by M. Lutz, are agreeable trifles which will well serve the purpose of musical amateurs. One or two movements in M. Lutz's little work evince a decided aptitude for the style of comic opera.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

ALTHOUGH London managers have long ceased to provide for purely London audiences, and the old resident playgoer, if such a being still exists, is pushed by the spread of building into distant suburbs, far beyond the blandishments of what we may call the central drama, many theatrical directors still act as if they were supported by their former patrons, who used to dine early, believe in the theatre as an institution, and did not live at Richmond, Finchley, Tottenham, or Reigate. The haymaking season and harvest time are looked forward to with some misgiving, an admission that country visitors are now large supporters of London playhouses, but more restlessness is shown when the railways appeal to the public by publishing their arrangements for summer pleasure traffic. Though those whose business it is to watch theatrical audiences can see no reason why Londoners going out of town should affect the welfare of entertainments largely fed by countrymen pouring into town, many managers think otherwise, and about the middle of June we hear of "last nights" and unusual "benefits." Second and third-rate actors then come to the surface, in strange prominence, for one evening only, playing a whole round of leading characters in stock pieces, the managers often getting more real "benefit" from such performances than the actors. No surer signs of a closing season can be watched than these benefits, unless it be those frantic advertisements, announcing "the greatest hit ever made," which Messrs. E. T. Smith, Swanborough, and others, are so fond of publishing.

We catch glimpses now of the beginning of the end. At the Haymarket Mr. Buckstone announces his annual benefit, and last night of the season for Monday, July 6; and next Monday, the 13th of June, Mr. Sothorn proposes to return to "Lord Dundreary," finding nothing so profitable as this popular caricature. The piece in which he will re-appear as his lordship, is a little sketch, written, we believe, by Mr. H. J. Byron, and called, "Lord Dundreary Married and Done For." Mr. Sothorn tried it at Liverpool and other places during his provincial tour last autumn; and it has, therefore, every prospect of succeeding in London. Things are altered materially since 1820.

Miss Bateman, according to the playbills, will close her present engagement at the Adelphi to-night; and on Monday, as we stated a month back, the "Dead Heart" will be revived. Mr. Burnand is preparing a new burlesque for this theatre on the subject of "Faust," and this will probably be produced before Miss Bateman's return. The Adelphi is one of the few theatres which remain open both summer and winter.

When the Princess's will close will depend very much upon the success of "Don John of Austria," in which Miss Stella Colas is to sustain the chief character. This young lady has returned from Paris, and the play is now being actively rehearsed.

On Monday last a neat stop-gap kind of piece, in three acts, called "Light and Shadow," was produced at this house with fair success. It is evidently an adaptation from the French, and resembles, in some points, "Le Savetier de la rue Quincampoix," a play, adapted by Mr. John Oxenford, which Mr. Alfred Wigan performed a few years back at the Adelphi. The story turns upon the romantic adventures of a hunchback who lived in the stirring times of John Law and the Mississippi scheme. The adapter is Mr. A. R. Slous, the author of "The Templar," the

"Borgia Ring," and other pieces, and it was originally prepared for Mr. Robson. The part of the hunchback, meant for the lost actor of the Olympic, was personated at the Princess's by Mr. Dominick Murray with great care and judgment. Mr. Murray has hardly vigour enough to sustain a three-act drama on his shoulders, but he is far more satisfactory in the serious than in the comic drama.

The death of Mr. W. J. Fox has received a well-merited tribute of notice in some, but not in all the so-called liberal journals. We merely allude to it in this place, because Mr. Fox was distinguished for some years as an eminent dramatic critic. He succeeded William Hazlitt on the *Morning Chronicle*, and contributed also to the *Spectator* in the days when it was the fashion to write criticisms and not "notices."

We learn from a theatrical contemporary that the Olympic Theatre has been transferred to a joint-stock company, the capital of which is stated to be £12,500, in 2,500 shares of £5 each. Only ninety-one shares had been taken up to the 25th ultimo. The directors are the Honourable F. G. B. Ponsonby, G. A. F. C. Bentinck, Tom Taylor, and Horace Wigan, Esqrs. The registered articles of association state the place of business of the company to be in "England." Perhaps Mr. Tom Taylor will contradict this, or say why he wrote such an indignant letter to the *Times* a short time back, when his name was mentioned in connection with this scheme? The Mr. Bentinck alluded to above has long been one of the proprietors of the theatre, and he dabbles a little in adaptation.

ON Friday evening, May 27th, Mr. R. Stuart Poole delivered a discourse at the Royal Institution on Greek Coins as illustrating Greek Art. Having laid down the distinctions between sculpture and painting, Mr. Poole observed that some Greek coins indicated the influence of the former, others of the latter art. He proceeded to criticize and compare the Greek coins of different countries, and to show that their characteristics proved that there were three principal and two lesser schools of Greek art, by the study of which, as illustrated by coins, a new basis for the archæology of art might be laid down.

SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE presided at the annual dinner of the Artists Benevolent Fund on Saturday; the subscriptions amounted to over £600, including £105 from the Queen.

ACCORDING to a return just published, the total cost of the building of the National Gallery, Dublin, up to the present time is £26,738. 19s. 8d. The Gallery was completed and opened to the public on the 1st of February; but the interior of that portion of the building originally intended to contain Archbishop's Marsh's library is not yet finished.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER's picture at the Royal Academy, depicting a "Piper and a Pair of Nut-crackers," has been bought by Mr. Huish for £1,700.

SCIENCE.

A VERY curious method of reducing the intense headache experienced by fever patients has been lately pointed out by M. Guyon. It consists simply in pressure exerted over the integument covering the temporal arteries. It was discovered quite accidentally in feeling the temples, rather than the wrist, in order to ascertain the frequency of the pulse. Whilst the physician compressed the vessel, the patient exclaimed, "*Comme-vous me soulagez*," and thus indicated the result produced by diminishing the supply of blood to the surface of the cranium. M. Guyon does not consider that any serious results of an injurious nature follow compression of the "temporals," inasmuch as the blood finds channels in the various other branches of the "external carotids."

The presence of vegetable growths in the interior of eggs need no longer be regarded as a fact in support of the "spontaneous generation" doctrines. At a recent meeting of the French Academy, M. Milne Edwards recorded a discovery made not long since by Signor Panceri, and published at Milan, which is to the following effect: Certain cryptogamic plants, deposited on the outer surface of a hen-egg, can traverse the shell, and undergo development in the albumen, though there be no pores in the shell visible to the naked eye.

M. Lucien de la Rive has been experimenting upon ice, with a view to determine the time required in order to form a sheet of a certain thickness. The results of his researches show that in order to produce a stratum of polar ice one metre thick there must be allowed a freezing period of one and a half years, whilst it would require nearly fifty-seven thousand years to develop a bed 200 metres deep. Now, as some of the masses seen by navigators have a bulk of at least two hundred metres, it may be supposed that the enormous length of time mentioned must have been expended in their production.

It is said that a species of Toncan lives upon the fruit which produces strychnia, but an equally strange announcement has just been made by Dr. Fraser with regard to one of the Lepidoptera. It has been found by this well-known Scotch physician, that the larva of a species of moth lives upon the Calabar bean, a drug now much in vogue among ophthalmic surgeons, and whose action on the eye causes rapid diminution in the size of the pupil.

From the geological and botanical inquiries of Mr. A. J. Mahngren, we learn that Spitzbergen is rising from the ocean with tolerable rapidity. The land which intervenes between the mountains and shore consists of a series of ledges or terraces, which have evidently been at one time beaches. The soil composing these

plains is of a gravelly or pebbly character, and contains embedded in it a great quantity of the bones of cetacea and the shells of molluscs.

We understand that Dr. Seeman—who has just returned from his exploring excursion in Venezuela—has discovered some very valuable coal-mines in the vicinity of the river Tocuyo. The coal found resembles the Welsh sort, and from specimens examined has been considered quite as useful.

M. Albert Gaudry gives several details (in a memoir upon the Palæotherium of the chalk-beds of Aisne) which show that the palæotherium and paloplotherium are connected by a series of specific links. The intermediate forms succeed each other chronologically, as we pass from the latter type to the former one. The *P. codicicuse* is the oldest species, and is very different from the true palæotheria; after it comes *P. annectens*, which is less distinct, and finally appears *P. minus*, which so strongly resembles the true palæotheria that Cuvier expressed his inability to distinguish it, generically, from the latter.

From investigations into the nature of the laticiferous currents, observed in the stem of the fig-tree, M. Faivre concludes:—

1st. That the latex is a species of sap, elaborated by the leaves, and quite indispensable to the development of the several organs of the plant.

2nd. That this fluid descends through the centre and circumference of the stem till it reaches the roots, and that then it nourishes the latter.

3rd. It is then caused to ascend, and contributes to the support of the stem.

Mineralogists will be interested to know that M. Marigny has been enabled to produce galena artificially, in the following manner:—A mixture is made of 300 grammes of litharge, 60 grammes of pyrites, and 5 or 6 grammes of starch, and is then placed in an earthen crucible, covered over with borax, and exposed for about half-an-hour to a very elevated temperature. When the crucible is withdrawn from the fire, and allowed to cool slowly, large and brilliant facettes of galena are produced.

The French silk-worm culturists have made the painful discovery that the malady (*pebrine*) which has hitherto been so destructive of the common caterpillar, has not been due to any action of the mulberry leaves. Some time since, a number of larvæ which feed upon oak-leaves only were introduced into France, and these have now fallen victims to the epidemic. M. de Quatrefages, in describing the disease, asserts that it is one common to all our Lepidoptera, and must not be regarded as peculiar to the silkworm. Hence it is the larva which must in future be examined, and not the nature of the plants on which it feeds.

M. Carstaun has found that, besides the ordinary methods of forming aldehydes, these compounds may be obtained by submitting ammoniacal bases to a suitable oxidation. Chemists are aware that aldehyde may be produced by oxidizing alcohol, or nitrogenous matter, by dehydrating glycols, and by distilling albumenoid substances and salts from fatty matters. The simplest process is that which M. Carstaun describes—viz., by pouring ethylamine on crystallized permanganate of potash. The liquid, which is first violet, turns green, and, developing heat when shaken, becomes brown; at this stage an effervescence is observed, and the aldehyde, so perceptible by its colour, is rapidly evolved.

DR. FRANKLAND ON THE GLACIAL ERA.

THE lectures by various eminent men at the Royal Institution which every year attract the highest attention have been running their course, and every Friday evening we have seen some of the main features of the most recent progress of science laid before "the most critical audience in the world." Some of the novelties presented at these meetings have, from the hour they were spoken, taken rank with the discoveries of the age and the data of science; amongst such are some of the most important results of the researches of Davy, Faraday, and Tyndall. Others, as might be naturally expected, have risen to no higher rank than that of hypotheses, and after exciting some discussion and comment, have passed away into that oblivion to which all but fundamental or practically useful facts are, sooner or later, consigned. Amongst the familiar voices to which we have lately listened, none have given us more pleasure, profit, or instruction than that of Professor Frankland, especially when he restricts himself to those branches of chemistry in which he is so eminent. The Glacial period and the former incandescence of the earth are two themes that geologists are eternally dwelling upon—whether with profit to themselves or with any advantage to their hearers it would be very difficult to say; and whether they can convince themselves, or the ordinary multitude of the world at large, of the correctness of their hypotheses, it would be equally hazardous to attempt to decide. Professor Frankland has left those realms within which he is monarch to run a lance at the same time both for and against geologists. Basing a theory on the supposed existence of an internal molten mass forming the core of our globe, is dangerous. The supposed fire-origin of granite was one of the original causes of the invention of the internal-heat theory; but modern researches have distinctly shown that certainly one at least of the petrological elements of that rock—namely, quartz—as seen now as a constituent of that very granite, never could have been subjected to the influence of dry heat. Another difficulty arises in respect to the internal molten state of our earth: if the core of our globe be in that

condition, it would follow there must be internal tides, unless the solid crust of the earth were of immense thickness, and of a rigidity, at least, four times that of steel: for not less than that would suffice to resist the internal tidal tendency, taking the thickness of this crust as estimated by Mr. Hopkins. It is evident beyond question that a liquid mass, whether fluid at ordinary temperatures, such as the waters of the ocean, or rendered fluid by internal heat, must be equally subject to the laws of attraction; and consequently the moon would have an influence upon the internal molten core, as she has upon the external oceans.

Now, Professor Frankland—repudiating all the explanatory theories which have been hitherto given to account for superficial differences of temperature, from Lyell's different distribution of land and sea doctrine, to that of the higher elevation of all mountainous tracts during the Glacial age suggested by Professor Kämtz—based his new hypothesis on what he regarded as the incontrovertible fact of the internal molten fluidity of our earth. The descriptions of the fiords and the ice-scored land of Norway, which Dr. Frankland has lately visited, were exceedingly interesting and instructive; but when the Professor came to deliver his new hypothesis, we at once felt ourselves launched on the waves of an unnavigated sea, and saw many reasons why the bark of the adventurous savant should be deemed too frail for geologists to venture in. To say that the hypothesis was ingenious is only to give it its just meed of praise; to say it was substantial is quite another thing. It was this:—We are all familiar with the ordinary still. There is the boiler where the vapour is raised, the spiral tube in which it is condensed, and the receiver into which the condensed fluid falls. Compare the earth, its atmosphere, and its mountains to the still. From the ocean the vapour rises; the atmosphere, says Dr. Frankland, is the true condenser, for the aqueous vapour that rises in it to its utmost heights radiates its heat into space; the mountains are the receivers of the rain and snow precipitated. So far we have no objection to the doctrine. But to apply it practically to the production of the phenomena of the "Glacial period"—which everybody knows was a geological period of intense cold, almost immediately preceding our own historical age, and possibly, according to recent ideas, absolutely including the early portion of the human era. Before this, according to the general tenor of geological notions, the earth had from the beginning of time possessed a gradually diminishing but still always higher temperature than it does at present; but whether this doctrine is not, upon stratigraphical evidences, open to grave doubts, we are by no means sure. Admitting the point, however, for the sake of the argument, we have to see how Dr. Frankland applies Professor Tyndall's radiant-heat principles to the production of a period of intense cold.

The points which it is deemed the theory must meet are thus stated. The glacial phenomena must extend over the whole globe; their occurrence must be of geologically recent date; they must have been preceded by ages during which glacial action was wanting; and they must be followed by a time during which there was a re-tendency towards an ameliorated condition of temperature. Moreover, Dr. Frankland considers it essential to show, that during their continuance atmospheric precipitation was greater, and the snow-line lower than at present. All these conditions, Dr. Frankland asserts, would naturally result from the gradual cooling of our planet; so that, according to his view now put forth, "the sole cause of the phenomena of the Glacial epoch"—or period of universal intense cold all over the earth—"was a former higher temperature of the ocean than that which obtains at present." Admitting that our globe was once so hot that all the water now in it was then in *nubibus* and not in the ocean cavities at all, he goes on to its first condensation into liquid, and then from the cessation of the boiling of the seas through a gradual diminution of temperature down to their actual state; a corresponding refrigeration of the land being contemporaneous. It was, he says, during the later stages of this cooling operation that the Glacial epoch occurred. For this result, however, he is constrained to the assumption that the earth and the sea-water have cooled at different rates. To prove this he brought forward experiments upon the differences of cooling between a cube of granite and one of water respectively heated to a given temperature, and then timed for the periods that elapsed in the giving out or radiation of the heat they had imbibed, for a reduction of ten degrees. Of these experiments we are so obtuse as not to see the corroborative force, for it may be asked whether if it take five times as much heat to raise one body to the same temperature as the other, we might not expect to find one body proportionately longer than the other in parting with the heat it had obtained. It seems to us that the experiments would have been more to the purpose if a mass of molten lead had been covered by an iron-bottomed trough of water, in which a given mass of granite soldered down to the intervening iron plate had been partially immersed. Such, at any rate, would have been conditions more nearly resembling those presumed for our earth.

Of course, the nebular hypothesis of the formation of stellar globes from the condensation of vaporous matter in space, and the evolution of light and heat in the process, was brought in as the primary origin of the presumed internal molten state of our earth; but it will be well to bear in mind that our largest telescopes have resolved, one after the other, the numerous luminous patches in the vast heavens into gigantic clusters of sun-stars, and that up to this moment there is no proof whatever of any former nebulous state in our own or any other solar system. Nor was the oft-quoted nebular

hypothesis the only support Dr. Frankland tried to get from astronomy. He has been searching the moon for more than a year with a reflecting telescope of 7-inches aperture, and has found two streaks on her surface, which he thinks may be the marks of glaciers with their terminal moraines. One of these fancied moraines is at the termination of that remarkable streak which commences near the base of the gigantic crater Tycho, through the ring of which it breaks—a fact not omitted in Dr. Frankland's illustrated diagram, and which would alone much more naturally assign its origin to the class of volcanic phenomena. The other extends from Rheita, the crater-rim of which is also broken down, as it would be by the passage of a lava-stream. But as the author of the new hypothesis admits that "with regard to the probability of former glacial, or even aqueous, agency on the surface of the moon, difficulties of an apparently very formidable character present themselves," we need not pursue further these lunar fancies—for such we cannot help regarding them.

It will naturally occur to those who are not familiar with ice-making machines, that if warmer water in the sea will produce a universally colder climate, and an equally widespread lower descent of the line of perpetual snow on our mountains, it follows that when the sea was boiling, and the evaporation yet more abundant, the colder still should have been the condition of our planet's land-surfaces, until in fact the snows of the land should have touched the waters of the boiling ocean, and have melted only on the margins of its shores. This argument would indeed have been viewed as the *reductio ad absurdum*; but the Professor does not bring us quite to this dilemma. He presumes the radiant heat of the earth was sufficient to drive outwards the upper atmospheric sphere of radiation and condensation far above and beyond the loftiest mountains. We give the conclusions to which these speculations lead their author—namely, "that a liquid ocean can only exist upon the surface of a planet so long as the latter retains a high internal temperature." "The moon becomes thus," he says, "a prophetic picture of the ultimate fate which awaits our earth when, deprived of an external ocean, it shall revolve round the sun in an arid and a lifeless wilderness." A not very comforting prospect, truly, which we doubt not will be very long indeed before it commands popular assent.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

WITH bright weather and comparatively moderate rates for money, everything is going smoothly forward. There is no revival of speculation; that was not to be expected, owing to the paucity of business at the Stock Exchange, and the little encouragement given to an extension of engagements. The brokers and jobbers themselves have been extremely cautious, because, in the several revulsions which have from time to time taken place in the last two years, they have experienced the serious effect of the "several pinches" their clients have had to pass through. They now, naturally enough, keep down outstanding bargains as much as they can, since the public are not tempted, as they were a few weeks ago, to rush into every project brought forward, or adopt every security which is temporarily operated on at a rise. This indisposition to encourage what may be considered purely speculative transactions will have a most beneficial effect, since it will allow the market to settle down, and relieve itself of a portion of the securities which have floated on the surface, and have never been absorbed. The rubbish, as rubbish, will, of course, speedily sink to the bottom, and the absence of prices among the jobbers for them will soon allow them to be totally forgotten. It is quite certain that we are now going through this process, and that during the next few months it will be continued, to the manifest advantage of everybody associated with general enterprise. And it must be confessed that it could not have occurred at a more opportune season, the quiescent period, as it is termed, being just the time when such a gradual weeding-out may be effectively accomplished.

At the present juncture, we may with profit glance at the position and prospects of the three chief foreign securities, which not long ago were so extensively dealt in, and at such advanced prices: it need scarcely be said we allude to Mexican, Spanish, and Greek. These, more or less, at one moment occupied almost exclusive attention, but they have each since lost caste among the operators, and are now little better than at a discount. The great event in connection with Mexican, we learn, has come off, but has not proved the success anticipated; and now the scrip both of the English and the French portions ranks at very depreciated values. The old stock attracts no attention, failing to receive support from any quarter. The famous opportunity of concluding that engagement was lost last year, when with very little difficulty the amount could have been raised; but M. Fould, wise in his own generation, thought it best to provide for the wants of his own Treasury first, and the consequence was the neglect of the larger and more costly operation.

The intrinsic worth of Mexican is, however, greater than the current quotation, in consequence of the good results that must accrue from the development of the Government under the new Emperor Maximilian. For temporary investment it would not be satisfactory to hold the stock, but to those who can afford to lock it up there is no doubt it will, in the end, insure a favourable return. The agents will exercise a wise discretion in pushing the conversion as quickly as possible, and the Government itself should have a balance-sheet prepared, with a view to showing the rela-

tion in which revenue stands to expenditure. It would help to create confidence, and indicate the real resources of the country. Most people believe that the exhibit to be effected would be most encouraging, and calculated to excite great faith in the future progress of the Government.

Spain is sinking deeper than ever in degradation. She is utterly ignoring the claims of her foreign bondholders, while she is covertly arranging for a loan of £2,000,000 with some of our leading English capitalists. It is not surprising that the authorities at Madrid are ready to take the money, when it is found that individuals in London are prepared to carry out such a contract, notwithstanding the reckless conduct of that Government. Truly has it been said—money and morals do not always go together. It would be exceedingly difficult to mention another instance in which such flagrant injustice has been exhibited, and it will serve those parties right who have entered into this doubtful arrangement, if the principals should turn tricky, and eventually leave them in the lurch. They may fancy that they have been sufficiently cautious to make everything secure; but the necessity of a foreign Government—and Spain, with all her prosperity, is in a necessitous position—will create some loophole, through which she may escape.

The situation of the Greek debt is much as it was several months ago. Every now and then a desire is exhibited to make purchases, and a slight rise is established, but it is hardly well supported. The operators are sanguine enough to presume that now the Ionian Islands are united to Greece, the joint revenue will do something towards paying the dividends. Through this state of things there may be a better foundation for an arrangement; but a great deal yet, as we have always said, will have to be accomplished before these liabilities can be adjusted. Greek stock is just the same at 25 as it was at 40, and scarcely in any better train for a settlement than immediately after the revolution which put King Otho to flight. The holders of the stock or coupons will have to keep them quietly, perhaps, for a year or two, till "the reigning George" shall have developed a policy and the resources of the country shall show that they are manifesting improvement, through an enlightened and liberal management. Everybody heard what Count Sponeck was to do with the finances of the Hellenic Empire when he arrived out. These predictions, as we ventured to suggest at the time, have proved a miserable flash in the pan, and Greek finance is no better now than when the Count first started on his economical pilgrimage from Copenhagen to Athens. It will be only through steady, gradual progress that the affairs of Greece will be brought into a proper condition. A large proportion of patience will be required in waiting for the development of financial and mercantile prosperity under the new régime; but the result will amply repay those who can afford to stand in for the waiting game, and whose means will not, meanwhile, be prejudicially affected by the want of interest on the investment.

If one fact could show more than another the low ebb to which business has descended during this week at the Stock Exchange, it is that no business has been transacted in American stocks or general securities the last three days. The summer vacation seems to have commenced in real earnest, and many of the members who have made large fortunes are retiring almost without any preliminary announcement. Thus some of the great jobbers are gone for the present, and will not, perhaps, return for four or five months, or till symptoms of reviving activity shall have become apparent. This will account for the sluggishness now witnessed, particularly in the banking, finance, and miscellaneous share-markets. It was to be supposed in ordinary course that this would be the result of the late almost universal animation, and the influence to be produced by this curtailment of dealing will strengthen prices in those cases where the security is good and the company a *bond-fide* enterprise.

The Bank directors did not on Thursday lower the rate of discount. Although the weekly account was satisfactory, inasmuch as there was a decrease of £617,000 in the amount of bills afloat, and an increase of £615,000 in the reserve of notes, still the Court have no doubt pursued a wise policy in not dropping to 6 per cent. While the uncertainty of war hangs over the market, and gold is required for shipment to Spain, it would not be right that facilities should be increased at rates under those now current. The stock of bullion is quoted at £14,043,000, and the Bank is in a position which will enable the directors to act at any instant, should they deem it advisable. The splendid weather of the last forty-eight hours will assist the money and stock markets greatly in the space of the next fortnight, if peace in Europe can be preserved.

AFTER the Bank Court rose, and it was found no alteration had been effected, the rate for discount slightly increased in the open market. The quotation from $6\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ went to $6\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$. At the Bank, no very important increase in the inquiry was observable.

THERE was no gold sent into the Bank on Thursday. £31,000, on the other hand, was withdrawn for export.

A LITTLE more demand prevailed for silver, at a slight advance, for transmission to India.

CONSOLS for money and the account were quiet, without essential variation; $90\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ was the price for the former, $90\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ for the latter.

FOREIGN stocks, shares, financial, banking, or credit, scarcely vary one day from the other. At the last moment, the quotations are, if anything, partially firmer.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE EXHIBITED MACHINERY OF 1862.*

THE great industrial exhibitions which form so interesting a phenomenon of modern civilization have become landmarks of human progress—periods at which we register our advance in the arts of civilized life, and take stock, not of our material possessions, but of the far more valuable acquisition, our capability for creating them. The book before us, as its name indicates, embodies in a permanent form a description and critical analysis of the machinery brought together by the Great Exhibition of 1862. Of the utility of such a record, faithfully and competently executed, it is superfluous to say one word; nor is its value alone confined to supplying ourselves with a work for reference and guidance, great though this be. Let us picture the interest with which such a daguerreotype of our mechanical progress will be regarded some centuries hence, by imagining the welcome we should give to the disentanglement of an equally accurate map of the arts of construction amongst the ancient Britons—showing how their war chariots were put together, and in what manner they forged the scythes with which they were armed. It affords us pleasure to say that the execution of the present undertaking appears to be all that could be desired. Upwards of eleven hundred machines, or portions of machines, have been either described in detail or carefully noticed, forming a compact cyclopedia of machinery; and we have never examined any work of the kind which more strongly impressed us with its impartiality. The critical remarks are short, clear, and to the purpose, whilst the illustrations consist of no less than thirty-nine lithographed plates—of the excellence of which the name of Messrs. Day & Son furnishes a sufficient guarantee—together with 430 figures in wood.

There is no point in which modern is so far in advance of ancient civilization as with regard to machinery. In the fine arts we are rivalled, if not eclipsed, by the Greeks; for, if we surpass them in music and painting, the Parthenon, in an æsthetic point of view, was probably the most perfect building ever reared by human hands, and no modern sculptor has yet equalled the masterpieces of Phidias and Praxiteles, those images of divinities which we cannot even now contemplate without a feeling akin to worship. In Poetry and Philosophy, in Language and Dialectics, we recognise in the ancients worthy competitors for the palm of victory; and, although in Mathematics the present feats of analysis altogether transcend anything which could have entered into the imagination of the most celebrated mathematicians of antiquity, we nevertheless feel that they were great men in their day, who solidly laid the foundations of the structure which has been raised to such a height by modern philosophers, whilst their love for, and indefatigable pursuit of, knowledge for its own sake has never been surpassed. But far different is the aspect presented by antiquity when we come to Physical Science. Geology, Chemistry, even Mechanics, date but from yesterday; and as to Machinery, the ground of comparison can hardly be said to exist between a period whose achievements in mechanism culminated in a ballista or a catapult, and the era which has produced the orderly complexity of a cotton-mill.

Through all the succeeding ages of man's existence, the century just elapsed, which has given birth to the Steam Engine, the Railroad, the Steam Vessel, and the Electric Telegraph, can never cease to constitute a memorable epoch in human progress, and the leading part played by the English race in this wondrous conquest achieved by intelligence over the forces of nature is equally gratifying and extraordinary. As we obtain useful commodities and luxuries unknown to our ancestors, by pushing our commerce into distant regions, and bringing home the products of their peculiar soil and climate, by which new races are drawn within the vortex of European civilization, so does that civilization become enriched with new aptitudes and capacities which form the peculiar gifts of the new-comers, and it is worthy of note that nothing deserving the name of a combined piece of mechanism had been achieved by man till the advent of the Scandinavian and Germanic races upon the theatre of the world, and their fusion with the anterior civilization.

During the Great Exhibition of 1862, thousands cannot have failed to watch with delight the action of the machinery in motion. In that for the manufactory of textile fabrics in particular, it was marvellous to see to how great an extent the machines had been rendered automatic—requiring no control nor assistance at the hands of their attendants, whose duty was restricted to supplying the raw material at one end and removing the finished product at the other—accomplishing, in fact, all the results to be obtained by intelligence with more undeviating accuracy and certainty, and affording in the regularity of their operations an image of the vegetative system of organic life, whose ceaseless action flows undisturbed by the variability and caprice inseparable from volition. Not the least interesting part of the display was the assemblage of machine-tools. Great was the advance perceptible in this department since 1851, though now, as then, the firm of Messrs. Joseph Whitworth & Co. stood confessedly *facile princeps*. That the discovery by Mr. Whitworth of the mode of forming a true plane surface, and his labours to inculcate its importance, have borne good fruit, and been greatly instrumental in bringing about the higher standard of finish everywhere recognisable in the Exhibition of 1862, cannot, we think, admit of a doubt, for the true

plane surface is to mechanical construction what the base line is to a trigonometrical survey—the foundation on which the accuracy of all subsequent results must depend. On this point Mr. Clark justly observes:—

“Not only in the special department of machine-tools was the influence of Mr. Whitworth's example manifested; his elevated style of treatment pervaded the works of engineers in other departments of mechanical construction. The scraped plane surface, adopted at Mr. Whitworth's establishment about twenty-five years ago, was noticeable everywhere. ‘A true surface,’ said Mr. Whitworth, in 1840, ‘instead of being, as it ought to be, in common use, is almost unknown; few mechanics have any distinct knowledge of the method to be pursued for obtaining it; nor do practical men sufficiently advert, either to the immense importance, or to the comparative facility, of the acquisition.’ And he spoke like a true prophet when he maintained at the same time, that ‘a higher standard of excellence would be gradually established, the influence of which would be felt throughout all mechanical operations.’”

Of all the machines exhibited in 1851, the most remarkable progress towards perfection in the interval between that date and 1862 must be awarded to the sewing machine. Only two were present at the Exhibition of 1851, which, though very imperfect, excited, as novelties, great attention. In the Exhibition of 1862, nearly fifty varieties figured, many of great excellence. An interesting *resumé* will be found in the volume before us of their more marked characteristics, accompanied by drawings of the different stitches. Amongst so many competitors, we are glad to see that due prominence has been given to the description of the machine of Messrs. Wilcox & Gibbs, the noiseless action and admirable simplicity of which render it superior to all others for family use.

Amidst the endless variety of machines contained in this vast display of human ingenuity, none surpassed in interest and importance the assemblage of marine engines. In 1851, paddle-engines formed the great majority exhibited, the screw-engines being very few in number; but in 1862 the proportions were reversed, the screw having in the interval almost superseded the paddle-wheel as a mode of marine propulsion. The substitution of the screw for the paddle, however, entailed on the constructors of marine engines difficulties before unknown, and more especially did this become the case when the requirements of war, which made it indispensable that the whole of the machinery should be placed considerably below the water line, were superadded. Not only did it prove requisite to double the speed, but the engine also required to be compressed within limits that would at one period have been pronounced unattainable, necessitating the adoption of special expedients or modifications of the normal form of engine; and it was in the peculiar character of the expedients resorted to by different makers to effect these objects that the chief interest of the display centred with the initiated. To the uneducated eye of the public, however, the model of a paddle-engine in motion possessed greater attractions than the most ingenious novelty in the shape of a screw-engine at rest. On the whole, few objects in the machinery department excited more general attention than a model of the engines of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company's ship *Mooltan*, bearing a placard with the announcement by the makers (Messrs. Humphrys & Tennant), that, by the judicious employment of means for working expansively, they had actually succeeded in reducing the consumption of fuel in this vessel to half the usual quantity, viz., 2½ lb. of coal per horse-power per hour, instead of 4½ lb. or 5 lb. Mr. Prieux was the first to point out the important practical bearing of the researches of Regnault on the question of the advantage of using steam expansively, as well as to explain why, and to what extent, the application of heat to the cylinder must prove beneficial. For many years he stood almost alone in proclaiming that the consumption of fuel in steam vessels was greatly in excess of what was necessary, and might be reduced one-half; but, if we remember rightly, his statements were met by ridicule and denial.

When it is recollected that we are paying annually out of the public purse nearly a million a year in subsidies for the conveyance of mails, on the ground of the great cost of transit caused by the asserted unavoidable immense consumption of coal, the statement that since these engagements were entered into it has been demonstrated that this consumption may be reduced one-half (involving a saving to the contracting companies exceeding in amount the whole of the subsidies received), evidently becomes a matter of national importance, inasmuch as it must ultimately remove from our shoulders a burden of a million a year, and one, moreover, which, considering that the benefit purchased is mainly reaped by the mercantile classes, many consider to be unjustly levied on the community at large.

Prominent amongst the machines which have sprung into greatly increased importance since 1851, stands the traction-engine. Not only has its design and construction been vastly improved, but its great practical utility has begun to be recognised; it being now well established that on ordinary ways the heaviest loads can be drawn with greater economy than by horse-power, whilst in ascending and descending steep hills, and in passing over marshy ground where no roads exist, traction-engines can take loads which cannot be transported by any available amount of horse-power. In fact, Bray's traction-engine played no inconsiderable part in conveying the heaviest portions of the machinery to the Exhibition building; and when it is stated that some of the pieces of machinery thus conveyed in one load weighed upwards of 45 tons, it will be at once

* A Cyclopedia of the Machinery Represented at the International Exhibition. By D. K. Clark, C.E. London: Day & Son.

apparent that it performed duties for which it would have been hard to find a substitute. In addition to its tractive power, the engine is qualified to act as a stationary or portable engine, a steam crane, or a steam winch, and since its removal from the Exhibition it has been constantly employed in these various capacities in Woolwich Dockyard with the most satisfactory results. It can, we think, no longer be doubted that the traction-engine has a great future before it, and that the time is not far distant when its manifold advantages will cause it to be considered an indispensable servant for the purposes of war, commerce, and agriculture.

We can safely recommend this volume, not only as a rich store-house of professional information, but as containing, in its concise histories of the rise and progress of many of the more important inventions to their present state of perfection, much that must prove highly interesting and instructive to the general reader.

THE LATE M. MOUHOT'S TRAVELS.*

THIS highly curious and interesting work is so splendidly and profusely illustrated that we appear to be presented with two narratives of the author's movements—one delineated by the pencil, the other by the pen. M. Mouhot's field of observation embraces some of the least known portions of Eastern Asia; for, though a few missionaries, Catholic and Protestant, had previously gone over a part of the ground, they had given to the world no account of what they had seen. Siam and Cochin China, owing to the growth of our oriental commerce and the military operations of the French in the latter country, have recently attracted considerable public attention; but Cambodia is still very little known, while Laos, in which our adventurous traveller closed his career, is not known at all. At every step of his journey he may be said to have come in contact with some of the most profoundly interesting problems to be found in the natural history of man. His own studies, indeed, by no means engaged him in anthropological investigations; yet it was impossible, among the scenes in which he found himself, to avoid touching upon topics connected intimately with the vexed questions of races and species. Between India beyond the Ganges and the frontiers of China, and backed inland by the vast ridges of Tibet, there lies an extraordinary cluster of countries, watered by the Irawaddy, the Menam and the Mekou, where are found some of the most singular sections of the human family. Whence they came, who were the authors of their religions, by what nations the vast ruins discovered here and there in their immense forests were originally constructed, and what was the period of that extinct civilization, are points which no one has settled, or apparently can settle. M. Mouhot describes what he saw, and describes it well, but modestly leaves to others the task of determining epochs and tracing origins. It would, perhaps, be hazardous to put forward any theory where there exists so little light to guide our steps towards anything like a rational conclusion; yet we will venture to suggest that the collective name of the countries themselves expresses an ethnological truth, implying, as it does, that the tribes and nations scattered over the mountain ridges and through the forests of the Hindu-Chinese countries are a mixture of the two primitive races which still divide between them the empire of Eastern Asia. A somewhat strange notion finds favour among several ethnologists—namely, that the Malay race originated in Sumatra, and spread thence to Borneo and the mainland. It is more natural to assume that their primitive home was at the root of the peninsula which bears their name, and that they thence diffused themselves by the sources of the Menam and the Mekou, through Siam, Cambodia, and Cochin China, whence they passed over to Pelawan, Borneo, and several other islands of the Archipelago. The word Malay, however, is very apt to mislead, unless we extend its signification so as to include under it an immense aggregate of tribes and nations, chiefly Pagan, whereas it is usually confined to that section of the race which has adopted the Mohammedan religion.

Into researches such as these, however, M. Mouhot seldom enters. His narrative, constructed after his death from the journals and letters he left behind him, is chiefly personal, and for that reason more interesting to the general reader. He was a man, we feel assured, of gentle nature, kindly sympathies, and most agreeable manners, so that wherever he travelled, whether among savage or civilised men, he made friends, many of whom greatly aided him in the pursuit of his favourite studies. Whatever a man's pursuits may be, it is pleasant to watch their influence over his mind, and to witness the enthusiasm they inspire in him. We care little about the skirts of the Siamese Gulf, and comparatively little about Cambodia; but when the traveller turns his face northwards, and ascends, terrace after terrace, those vast steps which lead towards the unknown centre of Asia, we accompany him with more than ordinary pleasure through the lonely gorges of mountains, along the banks of remote and unknown streams, and through the heart of those dense forests which were never before trodden by the foot of a white man. Others have stood with rapture amid the sands of the African Sahara, and felt what it is to be alone with Nature in those mighty solitudes; but M. Mouhot's heart was, perhaps, the first that beat with scientific joy in the remote woods of Laos, as he alighted on a new beetle, or listened to the scream of some nameless bird. To partake of such pleasures, a man must be possessed of great scientific enthusiasm, or of a temperament highly poetical and romantic, since the

beauties of Nature in those regions are brought every moment into close proximity with death, the magnificent fauna and the superb flora serving only to conduct to the charnel-house. Captain Burton, in the heart of Africa, contemplated almost equal beauty, and encountered equal horrors. In perusing some parts of M. Mouhot's volumes, the readers of *Bernier* will at once call to mind his letter written from the Punjab, when the heat was a hundred and five degrees in the shade. "The ink," he says, "dries in my pen, and the pen drops from my hand. Adieu!" But that intrepid old physician, journeying in the suite of the Mogul Emperor, with all the luxuries and delicious coolness of Kashmir before him, is little to be pitied in comparison with M. Mouhot, defying pestilence and death, he hardly knew why, and anticipating little beyond what we are now giving him—the sympathy of the public, and the regret of all admirers of brave men. The burning atmosphere through which he advanced from Komput to Udong is thus described:—

"I continued my route barefoot, and our sufferings from the heat exceeded all I had ever imagined of the effect of the sun in the torrid zone. Its burning rays, falling on the sandy soil, became intolerable at ten o'clock in the morning, so that even the natives, the soles of whose feet were much harder than mine, could not bear contact with the bare ground, but sought for tufts of grass to step upon. The oxen could scarcely move, and showed every sign of pain and exhaustion; and, in spite of spurring and blows, often refused to stir. The water in the ponds was not warm, but literally hot; the whole atmosphere seemed on fire, and all nature languishing and prostrate."

Afterwards, when our traveller had formed the design of passing a few months among a savage tribe in the mountains, a French missionary sought to dissuade him from the undertaking by representing what he would have to undergo, as well from the people as from the climate. But M. Mouhot was not to be terrified by the prospect of perils or privations. To the mountains he went, where he found the inhabitants much better, and the climate much worse, than he had been led to expect. Nothing can be more terrible than the way in which the jungle-fever affects its victims; it excites a heat through the whole frame, which one who had felt it describes as truly infernal, shooting through the whole frame, and burning with peculiar fury under the finger-nails. To this succeeds an icy coldness, which taxes to the utmost the powers of vitality, and generally terminates in an agonizing death. When the rainy season commences, hardly any allurement would be strong enough to tempt the Cambodians, who have been rendered prudent by experience, to enter the forest regions, which in pestilential character may perhaps be said to bear away the palm from that belt of death which extends between the foot of the Himalayas and the plains of India, where the traveller, breathing what is called the essence of owl, perishes amid those fearful pangs which accompany death by malaria. It would, however, be quite impossible, without perusing M. Mouhot's whole work, to form a complete idea of the delights of forest life in the Hindu-Chinese countries.

We cannot attempt, in the short space at our command, to describe, even in the most sketchy outline, the curious and varied contents of M. Mouhot's travels, which, in regard to scenery, abound rather with brief suggestions than with pictures, though he occasionally enters into minute details, as where, for example, he is describing the ruins of Ongcor, which he supposes, perhaps incorrectly, to have been erected at least two thousand years. Considering the force of vegetation and the corroding nature of the damp atmosphere, we fancy that no ruins however massive could have lasted so long, especially in the complete state in which those discovered by M. Mouhot are found. But whatever may be the age of those buildings, they were certainly erected many centuries ago, by people possessing a degree of civilization nowhere found in the present day in any part of Asia. When countries have no history, it is beyond measure perplexing to predicate anything respecting the progress made by their inhabitants in the sciences and arts. It is different when we come to discuss their superstitions. No matter how long these may have lasted, they are always fresh, always vigorous, always able to turn aside the attention of those who believe in them from whatever may tend to create public prosperity, or lessen the sufferings and inconveniences of life. Animated by compassion for these wretched sections of the human family, many missionaries have settled among them, in the hope of enlightening their minds and softening their manners, though hitherto with little success. Some have sought in these wild recesses for the lost ten tribes of Israel; but the traces they discover of Jewish traditions are only such as were left behind by the Muslims when, in the first outbreak of their conquering fervour, they swept like a magnificent storm over Asia, tumbling down idols, and dissipating the darkness of Paganism by the flash of their scimitars. One of the regrets inspired by reading the book before us, is that the author, a French Protestant, who had married into the family of Mungo Park, and cherished throughout life a strong preference for this country, should have perished at the early age of thirty-five. Possessing taste, abilities, courage, perseverance, and an affectionate disposition, he would, had his health permitted, have thrown much valuable light on the state of several countries of which he only visited the threshold. His industry was indefatigable. At night, however much fatigued, he sat under a tree or a hut of leaves, and entered carefully in his journal the events of the day, generally adding a number of sketches of people, edifices, landscapes, animals, insects, or shells. We accordingly regard with surprise the artistic wealth of his volumes, which is greater than we remember to have met with in any

* *Travels in the Central Parts of Indo-China (Siam), Cambodia, and Laos, during the Years 1858, 1859, and 1860.* By the late M. Henri Mouhot, French Naturalist. Two volumes. With illustrations. London: Murray.

similar work. The appendix contains highly interesting specimens of the zoological treatise which M. Mouhot intended to write. These are descriptions of the stormy petrel and the albatross, conceived in the proper spirit, and finished off with care and delicacy. We have also some specimens of translations from the Chinese, a vocabulary of the Cambodian language, and several original letters of much interest.

Though what we have written may be sufficient to direct the reader's attention to M. Mouhot's volumes, we cannot close our notice without making the additional observation, that the writer's account of what he saw is so evidently trustworthy that on all points within his competence his testimony may be taken without the least drawback.

ENGLISH MONASTIC LIFE.*

"BROTHER IGNATIUS" and his doings have found an admiring exponent in Mr. Charles Walker. Though the ignoble world of Protestantism may scoff and revile, he will praise and admire. He is proud to call himself a Tractarian, and he is jealous that the Church of Rome should for so long have had all the monasteries to itself, or, rather, that the Anglican Church should have had none. The suppression of monasteries in this country was the work of "the tyrant Henry;" but "in the reign of Queen Mary a noble attempt was made to repair the injustice and sacrilege of her royal father." Noble as the attempt was, however, it seems that it "only tended to identify the cause of monachism with that of the Papacy," and the persecution was renewed in the reign of Elizabeth. But "under the Stuarts the Church began rapidly to recover from the terrors of the Egyptian bondage she had suffered under the iron grasp of a Henry, an Edward, a Mary, and an Elizabeth." Accordingly, such Churchmen as Laud and Taylor upheld the principle of the monastic state; and "even the dull, dreary time of Queen Anne witnessed an attempt to found a kind of college for women who needed retirement and mutual society." Thus does Mr. Walker, in his preface, sketch the previous history of conventual life in England, as a fitting introduction to the account which he proceeds to give us of the particular experiment lately inaugurated at the obscure little village of Claydon, in Suffolk. Our readers cannot have forgotten the excitement which but recently spread from that locality all over England, on account of the Popish practices of Mr. Drury, the rector, and of Mr. Lyne, the "Brother Ignatius" of this volume. If there were any exaggerations in some of the newspaper narratives of their proceedings, Mr. Walker's volume may be taken as the antidote; but we doubt if it will convince any, but those ready-prepared for the reception of Tractarian doctrines, that the monastic system is a desirable one for England, or at all likely to strike broadly or deeply into the national life. A few enthusiasts may occasionally adopt it, and there seems no reason why it should be forbidden by law; but it is entirely opposed to the practical, unsentimental character of the English mind, and we cannot see, on Mr. Walker's own showing, what good it effects which would not be equally effected without the peculiar and objectionable features by which it is characterized.

Mr. Lyne, we gather from a biographical sketch in the second chapter of Mr. Walker's book, is the scion of an old Cornish family, and was born in London on the 23rd of November, 1837, so that he is at present only six-and-twenty. Even as a child he had a passion for extempore preaching—a morbid habit, we should say, for it is certainly not natural nor desirable in extreme youth. When only fourteen or fifteen, he began to show Tractarian tendencies; but to these views his father was opposed. His education subsequent to this period was obtained at Trinity Theological College, in Scotland—an institution conducted on Episcopalian principles. He was afterwards employed by Dr. Eden, the Bishop of Moray and Ross, as catechist at Inverness; and here he was extremely zealous in converting the Presbyterian poor of the neighbourhood to the views of his own Church. He had a licence to preach, and of course made numerous friends and foes; but at length, owing to the agitation caused in the minds of those who feared an irruption of Romanism, the licence was withdrawn, and the young enthusiast silenced. The anxiety and excitement of this crusade brought on a severe attack of illness, and he returned to England, and rested for awhile. During the Christmas of 1860-61, when he was three-and-twenty, he became curate of St. Peter's, Plymouth, where Miss Sellon had already for some years established a convent. This led to his acquaintance with that lady, and contributed to the development of his ideas about monastic life, formed some four years previously. About the same time, he went with his parents to Belgium, and there saw many conventual establishments in full working order. It was then that he formed the determination to lead "the celibate and devoted life of a monk," and he chose as his model the "Rule of St. Benedict," of which, we are informed, he is in the habit of saying that it contains "not so much as a single expression which could wound the feelings of the most sensitive Churchman"—a statement whereto Mr. Walker appends this remark in a foot-note:—"At a time when the possibility of a visible reunion of Christendom is being mooted, it is certainly a most consoling thought that a 'rule' which has received such distinguished approbation in the Roman Church can thus be accepted as a common ground by members of both communions." Mr. Walker is surely here going

on a little too fast with his assumptions; but we will let that pass, and proceed with the development of young Mr. Lyne's idea. His first attempt at realizing that idea was at Plymouth, where, in 1861, with the encouragement of Miss Sellon, "he formed a society of boys and young men living in the world, but bound by certain rules; this was called 'The Society of the Love of Jesus.' It numbered nearly forty members," but of its precise objects we are not informed. Here "Brother Ignatius," as he now called himself, became once more dangerously ill, and on his recovery was obliged to go for eight months to the Continent. In July, 1862, having returned to England, "he began to work at the mission in St. George's-in-the-East, under Mr. Lowder;" and early in 1863 Mr. Drury, the rector at Claydon, offered the "Brothers" a temporary home at the rectory, if they thought fit to open a house at Ipswich. The offer was accepted, but the house at Ipswich was temporarily laid aside for that at Claydon, where Mr. Walker joined the community last August.

Our author gives a minute account of the life he led in the monastery. Having, on the night of the first day (he arrived in the evening), been asleep about four hours, he was awakened by a sudden flash of light from an enormous wax candle borne into the chamber by one of the Brothers:—

"The light, reflecting on his face, over which the hood was drawn, gave a peculiar look to his features, disordered as they were by an abrupt arousing from sleep; and only half awake myself, I anticipated some sudden cause of alarm, the particulars of which the good Brother had come to communicate to me; and inquired, I fear in a very unmonastic tone, what was the matter? I soon learnt that this was a summons to Nocturns, or the night office, which begins at two a.m., and lasts till between three and four. The Brothers sleep in their habits, and he whose turn it is to awaken the others goes round from bed to bed saying, *Benedicamus Domino* (let us bless the Lord), and each Brother, starting up, replies, *Deo Gratias* (thanks be to God). It was to this solemn greeting of the Brother that I inadvertently replied in the manner I have mentioned. I was soon ready to accompany the Brother, and in a few minutes a dozen strokes or so of the bell announced to such of the villagers as were awake that Nocturns were about to commence."

This service consists of twelve psalms on week-days, and six or eight lessons. On Sundays and festivals there are, in addition, three canticles and four lessons, except on certain specified days. "Lauds" follow at daybreak, and consist of five psalms, a hymn, the Benedictus, and sundry collects. The other religious services of the day are designated "Prime," "Terce," "Sext," "Nones," "Vespers," and "Compline." After the termination of "Lauds," which is generally verging on four o'clock a.m., the Brothers, we are assured with amusing sincerity, are "not sorry to retire to rest again till the bell calls them at half-past five to begin the labours of the day." At six o'clock, the service designated "Prime," as being the first day hour, takes place. Then follow ablutions, the making of the beds, the sweeping out of the dormitory, &c., and "meditation." At a quarter to eight, "Terce" is said, lasting about ten minutes; at eight, the rector celebrates the Holy Communion, at which, on Sundays and festivals, incense is used. The Brothers then remain in private prayer till the Superior or Prior gives them the signal to rise. A little before nine, breakfast is served "to those who need it," for, as a rule, the noonday meal is the first of the day. To this rule, however, Sunday is an exception. The rest of the morning is employed in work, such as teaching in the village schools, writing letters, copying, translating, &c. Half-past twelve is the hour of dinner, which consists of a small portion of suet dumpling (seasoned with salt, sugar, or treacle) and plain boiled or roast meat or steak. On Wednesdays, Fridays, and vigils, the meat is omitted, and the fare consists of a hard dumpling; while on Sundays some kind of sweet pudding is added.

"After dinner, St. Benedict's Rule enjoins an observance that at first strikes an English constitution as peculiar. As soon as grace is concluded, each Brother, except the reader, leaves the refectory in silence, and going to the dormitory, reclines on his bed till the bell rings for 'nones.' He may employ his time either in sleep or in reading, as he sees fit; but conversation is interdicted. This is, of course, the Italian *siesta*, and at first I felt inclined to brand its adoption in England as an unnecessary piece of formalism. But I soon saw reason to alter my opinion. I seldom availed myself of it for the purpose of sleep, being constitutionally averse to sleep in the daytime; but early rising and the night-office made the rest none the less welcome. Indeed, sometimes sleep would overtake me in spite of myself, and a drowsy afternoon was the penalty I paid for the indulgence. But the generality of the Brothers, who were differently constituted to myself, freely made use of the privilege, and would generally be fast asleep when the bell for 'nones' sounded. Habit for the most part enabled them to rouse at the signal; but it occasionally happened that one of the younger ones—age is reckoned by priority of entrance in the cloister—would sleep on into or even through the office, as the other Brothers were only allowed to attempt to awaken him by the monastic formula of salutation, '*Benedicamus Domino*.' This involved a penance more or less severe according to the circumstances."

Two o'clock is signaled by "Nones" (at least in the summer, for the hours vary at different seasons); then work is resumed till four; from four till Vespers is generally devoted to recreation—i.e., walking about in the grounds, talking, reading, and joining, to a decorous extent, in the sports of the village boys. While recording this part of the day's observances, Mr. Walker speaks, with a certain coy pride that is very amusing, of his own participa-

* Three Months in an English Monastery. A Personal Narrative. By Charles Walker. London: Murray & Co.

tion in the secular delights of "swinging" and "hide-and-seek." Vespers begin at six, and sometimes last more than half an hour; and then, according to our informant, ensues "a grand struggle"—for what, does the reader suppose?—"to swallow down tea before 'parish vespers,' i.e., the even-song of the Book of Common Prayer," which is at seven. "Compline," the concluding service of the day, is celebrated at nine. Here is another confession of our enthusiastic but candid author, to match that about the tea:—

"Sundays, I must confess, were not the most pleasant days in Claydon. We missed the active bustling work of the other days, and the hours seemed, in consequence, to drag somewhat. The time between the 'hours' was spent in reading—in the morning, several chapters of the Old Testament; in the afternoon, any book we chose to select from our little stock. Vespers were said at half-past five, so we really had a quiet tea on Sundays; and as that meal was served in the parlour on all festivals, and conversation allowed, it was quite a social meal."

A few of the Brothers, it is said, would occasionally invent excuses for getting away from some of the extra observances. This is very natural; but how far it goes to support the system we leave the reader to judge. Vespers, and even-song, and "compline," and the rest, are all very well; but, oh for the homely joys of "a quiet tea" and a little social conversation!

We need scarcely say that we have no sympathy with the violence and the coarse insults to which the community have been subjected by vulgar and intolerant opponents; but we have as little regard for the system which has provoked such extreme forms of opposition. It is clear, from Mr. Walker's own account, that, in the midst of a busy world, the "Brothers" choose to devote themselves to a life of which the main characteristics are religious ceremonials and spiritual meditations, thus giving a chief place to what, in the estimation of Protestants, ought to be simply occasional observances, helping and sanctifying the daily work of human beings. However we may dignify such proceedings by fine-sounding names, they involve a species of laziness and effeminacy, for which the severity of conventual asceticism is but a poor compensation. Mr. Walker says that Mr. Lyne and his companions have done much good among the poor of the neighbourhood, by whom they are greatly beloved. It may be so, for earnest men (and we do not deny their earnestness) will always act advantageously on the thoughtless or profligate. But they could do quite as much good without identifying themselves with a Church which, after all, despises them; without pushing devotion itself to the very bounds of caricature by a ridiculous iteration; and without, as in the matter of celibacy, making holiness consist in an outrage on natural instincts. Nay, they could do much more, as the record of many a noble life might teach them.

A portrait of "Brother Ignatius" accompanies this volume. He is a thorough monk of the Roman Catholic order—robe, cowl, rosary, sandals, and all, complete. And yet he is a clergyman of the Church of England!

THE AFGHAN LANGUAGE.*

CAPTAIN RAVERTY has here given to the world works at once curious to the reader who takes interest in matters connected with the history of Eastern nations, and useful to the Oriental student to whom, either from personal contact with, or settled residence among, the people of remote Asia, a knowledge of their languages is absolutely indispensable. Our author, who was formerly an officer in the East India Company's service, has for the last fifteen years of his life devoted himself largely to the study of the languages and dialects of the East. His regiment being at Peshawur in the years 1849 and 1850, he embraced the opportunity of making himself acquainted with the Afghan tongue, which afterwards took so great a hold on his fancy, that he continued the investigation with unflagging energy after his regiment had shifted its quarters elsewhere. He engaged in his service two learned Molawis, who greatly assisted him in his study of this little known language. He still continued his favourite pursuit in the midst of arduous military duties, and under circumstances of extreme difficulty, the introductions and prefaces to his Grammar and Dictionary having been written in the loneliness of an Indian military station. A grammar of the Afghan language was, strange to say, a complete desideratum until the year 1855, so that no English officer before that time had any opportunity of learning the rudiments of the tongue. Previous to the breaking out of the Afghan war, more than twenty years ago, the Emperor of Russia had appointed a professor of Pushto (the language of Afghanistan) at St. Petersburg, in which capital all young diplomatists were made to pass examinations in the Roh dialect. Notwithstanding this example on the part of the Russian Government, nothing was done by our country in the way of assisting officers and plenipotentiaries in India in acquiring the Afghan language; and, even when employed on missions of the greatest importance, they had to depend entirely on the honesty of interpreters for correct information. There had not been above two attempts at Afghan vocabularies before Captain

Raverty's dictionary appeared. These were, that of Mahabbat Khan, son of His Highness Hafiz Rahmat Khan, the celebrated Rohilla chief, who, in the year of Hejira 1221, undertook to compile a grammar and dictionary in the Persian language, at the request of Sir G. Barlow, then Governor-General of India; and that of Muhammad Irtaza Khan, son of Nowab Aman Khan, who, at the wish of Mr. Seton, composed a classified vocabulary, with the meanings of all the words in Persian. Both these works were known to Captain Raverty, and were of much use to him while he was engaged in the compilation of his own dictionary.

The Captain has prefaced his Grammar with a valuable introduction on the history, language, and literature of the Afghan nation, which affords much curious information to the general reader, and must be especially interesting to the learned oriental scholar, who makes the Eastern languages his particular study. In this introductory essay, Captain Raverty tells us that the Afghan or Pushto language is spoken, with slight variations as to spelling and pronunciation, over an extent of territory equal in size to the whole of the peninsula of Spain and Portugal. As may be imagined, a language so widely diffused has been very prolific in literature, and has produced many eminent poets and men of genius. Of the former, the most celebrated, according to our author, is Eabd-ur-Rahman, a mullah, or priest, or lived in the reign of the Emperor Aurungzebe; and, next to him, the most popular poet is Khushhal Khan, chief of the powerful clan of Khattak during the reigns of Shah Jehan and Aurungzebe, "whose poems," says Captain Raverty, "would be the more highly esteemed if better known, particularly in Europe."

One of the Afghan ballads is quoted at length in the introduction, and specimens of the poetry are likewise given in the course of the work. From our ignorance of the Pushto tongue, we are, of course, entirely disqualified from speaking of the merits of Captain Raverty's works, except that they appear to be the results of great study, elaborate research, patient toil, and untiring industry. The grammar has been very favourably spoken of by Dr. A. Sprenger, late Oriental Translator to the Indian Government; M. Nicholas de Khanikoff and Dr. Dorn, Members of the Imperial Academy at St. Petersburg, the latter of whom a few years ago published a vocabulary of the Pushto language, which Captain Raverty says is full of errors; M. Garcin de Tassy; Dr. H. Millais, Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Utrecht; and the Rev. Mr. Small, Professor of Arabic, Persian, Hindustani, &c.

Many of these gentlemen have largely availed themselves of Captain Raverty's elementary publications, and Dr. Dorn, in particular, speaks of his dictionary in terms of the highest eulogy, describing it as a monumental work, which scarcely needs addition, and with the aid of which one may read and understand any Afghan writer. The first edition of this work was published in the year 1856, at Calcutta, the author having previously had many obstacles to encounter in the way of publication. After having in vain appealed to the Government, he sent his MSS. to the Asiatic Society of Bengal, the Council of which highly commended the work, in the name of the Society, to the Government, which, nevertheless, remained firm in its refusal. Although our author's persevering energy has succeeded in mastering all these difficulties, he has still not received the smallest aid or remuneration from his own country, his chief patrons having been foreign Governments, especially that of Russia—the very Power whose influence we have, above all others, the most reason to dread in the East. Russia has purchased as many as thirty copies of each of Captain Raverty's works, while our own Government has not taken above six, and these were originally subscribed for, principally as specimens, by the late East India Company. In 1852, however, the Government of India presented our author with 1,000 rupees, in token of their recognition of his progress in the Oriental languages. Captain Raverty is desirous of publishing an "English-Pushto" dictionary, which he has just completed, and which can only be done with the assistance of the Government, the expense of printing such books, which require, amongst other things, a special and peculiar type, being necessarily very large, and Captain Raverty having entirely expended his savings of the last twenty years in the production of his grammar and dictionary of the Pushto language, besides three other works of a similar kind. We trust, however, that our Government will, at some time, take the matter into consideration, if only out of regard to our own interests in India, and will not suffer the "English-Pushto Dictionary" to be published at the expense of a country which we have good cause to consider our greatest foe in the far East.

HENRY DUNBAR.*

THE readers of the *London Journal* appear to form a strange little literary republic, governed exclusively by their own laws, and very jealous of their traditional forms and usages. For their delectation are novels composed of a peculiar kind, running all but interminably through countless chapters; for them is virtue weekly plunged into a sea of troubles, secure, however, of emerging in safety from the deep. They delight in grappling with a mass of verbiage, tedious and irrelevant enough to reduce an ordinary reader to blank despair, and their nerves are thrilled, their hearts are stormed, by incidents and characters which awake no interest

* A Grammar of the Puk'hto, Pus'hto, or Language of the Afghans. By Capt. H. G. Raverty, Her Majesty's Third Regiment, Native Infantry, Author of "A Thesaurus of English and Hindustani Technical Terms." London: Longman & Co.

A Dictionary of the Puk'hto, Pus'hto, or Language of the Afghans; with Remarks on the Originality of the Language, and its Affinity to the Semitic and other Oriental Tongues. By the Same Author. Same Publishers.

* Henry Dunbar, the Story of an Outcast. By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret." Second edition. Three vols. London: Maxwell & Co.

in alien minds. On the other hand, they refuse to acquiesce in the literary verdicts of the outer world. Writers of no small note have been brought before their notice, but only to be discarded as unworthy of their applause. Sir Walter Scott was expected to charm them, but his novels were not to their taste. Mr. Charles Reade tried to please them, but he was equally unsuccessful. The latest attempt has been made by Miss Braddon, but it appears that her story of "The Outcasts" did not obtain the popularity enjoyed by the writings of Mr. Egan or Mr. Smith. At all events, no mention of its previous success is made in the present work, which is a revised edition of that story.

While we are speaking of editions, we may as well utter our protest against the puffery of which this book has been made the object, if not the victim. The words "second edition" on its title-page are more likely to arouse indignation than to inspire belief, and have probably damaged the sale of the book instead of enhancing its credit. When the poet in "Firmilian" is threatened with death by his rival, he makes so piteous an appeal for his life, that he is on the point of escaping, when he unfortunately states that the third edition of his poem is in the press. These words seal his fate, for, stung by memories of his own unsold works, his enemy murders him at once. In like manner, the author of "Henry Dunbar" may perhaps have to suffer for the publishers' indiscretion, though it is possible for a critic who is not himself a novelist to separate the merits of the work from the announcements which have heralded its birth. Miss Braddon has rendered the task of reviewing her book unusually difficult, by begging that its plot may not be described. We acquiesce, of course, in her request; but we are at a loss how to deal with a mystery which we are not allowed to explain. A Mr. Dunbar, the wealthy head of a city firm, returns to England after a residence of thirty-five years in India. On landing at Southampton he meets a former associate named Joseph Wilmot, with whom he had been concerned in a forgery before he left home. The two men visit Winchester together, and there one of them is murdered; the other is arrested on suspicion, but, on its appearing that he is the wealthy Mr. Dunbar, he is released. One person, however, refuses to acquit him. Joseph Wilmot's daughter Margaret, a beautiful young teacher of music, feeling certain that Mr. Dunbar has killed her father, resolves on revenge. Like the heroine of "Eleanor's Victory," she devotes her life to the task, and, like her, she repents after a time of her resolution. The similarity between the two stories in this respect is an evidence of the carelessness which too great haste naturally engenders. And the same want of care makes itself manifest in many other parts of the narrative. Scenes and characters are introduced which have little or nothing to do with the central figures; people who have confidential interviews with each other in the first volume meet as strangers in the second; and here and there words are found in positions which they were never meant to occupy. We may give, as an instance, an unfortunate misprint, which entirely destroys the pathos of a soliloquy by Clement Austin, Margaret Wilmot's lover:—

" 'Poor, desolate girl,' he thought—'poor lonely organ-girl!'"

Orphan-girl, he probably meant to say. But when we have said that the story is carelessly written, that the characters are for the most part wanting in reality, and that the plot is preposterous in the extreme, we have summed up most of the defects of "Henry Dunbar." On the other hand, we can testify to having been interested in the story, in spite of its improbability. The positions in which its actors are placed are such as would be impossible in real life, but they are cleverly described, and the difficulties they present are, if not overcome, at least encountered with no small skill. Margaret Wilmot's stern resolve and strength of will are pleasantly contrasted with the amiable frivolity of the banker's daughter—a young lady whose mind is devoted to her bonnets and her gloves, and who charms every one by her inevitable golden hair and violet eyes. There is a detective who is described as well as detectives usually are described in novels, and who, therefore, does not bear the faintest resemblance to any member of the force whom we have happened to meet. There is an exciting chase, prolonged through days and nights of suspense, and there is a capture, brought about through the agency of two fishermen, whose boat performs manœuvres of the most unusual kind. And last, but not least, there is a moral of the most unexceptionable nature, to which Miss Braddon points with just pride in her preface. All the bad people, without a single exception, meet with punishment more or less severe. One is strangled, another is drowned, and a third has his leg broken by a railway accident, and his peace of mind annihilated by remorse. But the good men and women, who far outnumber the villains, either lead bright and happy lives throughout the book, or, if their existence is clouded over for a time, ultimately emerge into the full sunlight of prosperity. There may be very little poetic justice in the world we live in, but there is plenty of it to be found in that of "Henry Dunbar."

POPULAR NAMES OF BRITISH PLANTS.*

As the author of this work admits in his preface that the printing had been delayed "for a considerable time with the hope of obtaining a more satisfactory explanation of several names, some of them very

* On the Popular Names of British Plants; being an Explanation of the Origin and Meaning of the Names of our Indigenous and Most Commonly Cultivated Species. By R. C. A. Prior, M.D. London: Williams & Norgate.

common ones," we cannot avoid expressing a decisive opinion that it would have been better still if he had "waited a little longer." No doubt there would have been a "good time coming," which would have saved him from some very unhappy dilemmas. "The Popular Names of British Plants" present, indeed, a subject full of interest, and pregnant with legendary lore and the most graceful sentiment; full of learning and antiquity, of fact, fiction, and mythology, associating past and present, youth and old age; taking us back to the superstitious days when the wild poetry of man's uncurbed imagination peopled the woods with penatal gods, and made flowers the abodes of fays and fairies; when every herb was esteemed a medicament or a poison, and many a tree was held sacred for some holy or some mystical purpose. All that would have been most taking and attractive—that would have put new sap, new life and freshness, into the withered words of bygone centuries—has been missed, and a mere rigid glossarial list, not even always rightly rendered or translated, is set before us. When the Gloucester hedger comes across the elder bush, he lops its branches with a hesitating hand, and not a twig will he consign to the flames, nor a branch will he bind up with the firewood. You may dismiss him, if he will not obey your orders; but he will lose his wages rather than outrage his superstitious faith. He does not call it the "elder," but the "ellan" tree—a pure Saxon term. "Elder" Dr. Prior derives from the Anglo-Saxon *ellen* and *ellarn*, in Pierce Plowman, *eller*, "words that seem to mean 'kindler,' and to be derived through the Anglo-Saxon *ald*, Danish *ild*, Swedish *eld*, fire, from *alan*, to kindle, and related to the Dutch *helder*, clear, whence *ophhelderen*, kindle or brighten up," a name which Dr. Prior supposes that it "acquired from its hollow branches being used, like the bamboo in the tropics, to blow up a fire." All this seems very pedantic and presumptuous. What authority is there for the use of hollow elder branches for blowing up a fire? Is there any record of such a practice in any old deed or chronicle? Is it ever done now? Boys make pop-guns of the elder by clearing out the pith; but we are not aware that the pith ever was cleared out for any other purpose. Now, although Dr. Prior in some places quotes two of Grimm's works, he does not seem to be acquainted with his "Deutsche Mythologie." Grimm there, however, after mentioning the reverence paid to other trees in Scandinavia and Germany, says:—"The elder (Hollunder) also received distinguished honour. Hollan, indeed, signifies a tree or shrub, as in the Anglo-Saxon Creorholan. In low Saxon, the *Sambucus nigra* is called ellhorn." Arnkiel unsuspectingly relates:—"Our forefathers also held the ellhorn holy; wherefore, whoever tries to hew it down or cut its branches has first to make the request, 'Lady Ellhorn, give me some of thy wood, and I will give thee some of mine when it grows in the forest,' the which, with partly-bended knees, bare head, and folded arms, was ordinarily done, as I myself have often seen and heard in my younger years." The god Puschkait, a Lithuanian deity, dwelt under this tree, and the Letts laid bread and beer for him under it. The Saxon canons published during the reign of King Edgar speak of the magic practised on "Ellenum and eac, on ondram mislicum treovum" (Ellan, oak, and various other trees).

Let us take another familiar plant—parsley. All we get from Dr. Prior is, "Parsley, spelt in the Grete Herball *persely*, French *persil*, Latin *petroselinum*, from the Greek *petros*, rock, and *selinon*, some umbelliferous plant." Some time since, a very short paper was read before the Cotteswold Club upon the local superstitions of the Vale of Gloucester, in which the author, Mr. Jones, selected a very few examples of those relating to common plants. We will put what he says beside Dr. Prior's account. "Calling upon a person who had just removed to a new residence, I found him in his garden, and amongst other alterations ordering a bed of parsley to be removed from the place where it grew to another. This order it appears had before been given more than once, and, as the person addressed still seemed to pay no attention to it, he was asked the reason, and replied he had no intention of doing anything of the kind. He was quite willing to root it up, but *transplant* it he would not; and he said, moreover, that he did not know anyone who would willingly take upon himself the consequences of such an act." Parsley, Mr. Jones adds, "was chiefly used by the Greeks in the garlands with which they decorated tombs, and was also eaten at funeral feasts; its use upon these occasions having given rise to the saying, in respect to one sick past hope, 'He needs nothing but parsley.'" The auguries deducible from it were thus likely to have a sinister import, and the case of Timoleon is given, who, ascending a hill near Syracuse to obtain a view of the Carthaginian army, met some mules laden with parsley, which his soldiers regarded as a most unfortunate and ill-boding event, and declined to attack their enemies. With respect to the derivation of the term, Mr. Jones offers a curious opinion:—"I am not aware," he says, "of any positive authority, but I think it probable that this herb was dedicated to Persephone as Queen of the Dead, presuming her to be identical with Hecate or Selene, the resemblance of its Greek name, *Selinon*, to that of the last-named divinity, at once suggesting its direct derivation from her; and the correctness of this supposition is supported by other etymological considerations." Examining the appellations of this plant in other languages, he records the singular fact, "that with remarkable uniformity its old Greek name (*Selinon*) is preserved with the prefix of Peter or its diminutive: thus in Latin, *Petroselinum*; Italian, *Petroselino*, *Petrosemolo*, *Petrosillo*; Portuguese, *Perreuil*; Spanish, *Peregil*; Illyrian, *Petrussin*; German, *Petersilie*; Danish, *Persilie*; French, *Persil*; Welsh, *Perlllys*. *Per* being a diminutive of Peter, as in 'Perkin'; *lys*, a plant, herb—

English, *parsley*. All these may be freely translated as Peter's moon-plant." The connection of the name of Peter with it is explained on the well-known policy of the early Romish Church, by which the established prejudices of the rude people amongst whom Christianity was first introduced were met and modified in the transference of objects of reverential regard from the tutelage of honoured Pagan divinities to that of Christian saints. "As St. Peter," Mr. Jones thinks, "in his character of doorkeeper of Paradise and receiver of souls, must naturally have been regarded as the successor of Charon, and the offering of pence is still made to him in the same manner and with the same object as was that of the obolus of his gloomy prototype, it is not altogether strange that the plant under consideration, evidently consecrated to some of the deities who presided over the death of mankind, should have been assigned with other of their attributes to him."

Whatever opinion may be entertained of the correctness of these views, it is certain they are much fuller, more interesting, more suggestive, than the meagre account given by Dr. Prior. Certainly, for one thing Dr. Prior deserves credit. He has brought together an immense number of popular names; he has quoted numerous authors and numerous spellings, and suggested numerous explanations. His book offers not a bad ground work for a far better second edition. Even as it is, it possesses one useful feature—it gives against each popular name the generic and specific terms of the plant alluded to, so that the exact species can at once be recognised.

PRACTICAL ZOOLOGY.*

THE application of science to industry is certainly a very praiseworthy object, and the man who achieves the application deserves well of his fellows. In this country, science is looked upon as something purely abstract, and which must not be allowed out of the museum or lecture-room. With natural science this is especially the case. It seems as if those whose duty it is to teach zoology laboured under the impression that this branch of knowledge could not be made subservient to art. Ferocious-looking professors stand at the lecture-table, and discourse for hours upon the leg of an insect or the mandibles of a spider; but these gentlemen, though profoundly impressed with the importance of science, would be intensely disgusted if they thought that their philosophy was about to be made common. What, in most cases, is English zoology? Simply a huge collection of barbarous Greek and Latin names. What is the zoologist? He is a man always characterized by some eccentricity which marks his genius. He does not invariably—like Sir Thomas the Knight—

"Wear specs with a tortoise-shell rim;"

but, like the worthy naturalist of the "Ingoldsby Legends," he will go into raptures should he discover

"An old daddy long-legs whose long legs and thighs
Exceeded the common in form or size."

If he meet with some unoffending member of the insect class whose tail possesses a larger number of stripes than usual, his feelings border on ecstasy; the luckless insect will be captured, transfixed, presented to the *savans* of the Linnean Society, endowed—with every ceremony—with a new dog-Latin name of about twenty syllables, and catalogued. Finally, our zoologist will go on his way rejoicing, as an illustrious philosopher who has done so much to enlarge the human faculties should. Such is zoology as it is taught in England. A very different state of things presents itself on the other sides of the Straits of Dover. Our Gallic neighbours are, indeed, making zoology practical. The habits of every useful animal are carefully studied, and its physiology scrupulously investigated. If it be found of advantage to introduce a new species, or cultivate an old one, nothing is left undone. In France, zoology is not content with cases of gaudy beetles and stuffed birds—she seeks out the useful and productive. French naturalists are not satisfied with measuring an insect's horns and admiring its abdomen; they find out what it does that may be conducive to man's benefit, they study its health, they investigate its mode of propagation, and then they utilize it. Need we point to examples? Silk-worm culture, leech culture, cysti culture, api culture, crustacea culture, and coralli culture, are in themselves sufficient evidence of what France is doing.

Having drawn the above comparison between our natural history and that of the Continent, let us see whether we are taking any steps to better our position. It seems we are improving, though slowly. Mitchell, Buckland, Lowe, and Ashworth, are in the van of those who are trying to teach the English nation practical zoology. But then they are special workers; and if we desire to have the labour shared in by the public generally, we must demonstrate to that public that certain forms of the lower animals are useful to man. This has already been ably done by Dr. Lankester, and now we have to announce the entrance of another instructor into the new field.

Imprimis, we must state that we are dissatisfied with the work now under review. It exhibits too much of the "scissors-and-paste" character; and, while it is devoid of the easy style and interesting features of a popular treatise, it is not sufficiently accurate to be ranked in the category of scientific essays. The

author addresses his volume to the practical zoologist as well as to the general student, and therefore we presume that he intended it to be precisely scientific. As we have said already, it is not so. In the very first chapter, when he speaks of the silkworm, he leads his reader astray:—

"The chemical nature of silk, which is secreted through the mouth of the grub from organs resembling the salivary glands of other animals," &c.

Here the reader is led to suppose, that in the insect larva the salivary glands take in the function of cocoon-spinning apparatus, whereas the two organs are entirely distinct. A few pages on, the author alludes to the *family* Lepidoptera: this is not correct; the expression may suit a purely popular writer, but should not be employed by a man of science. Dr. Phipson shows himself to be lamentably ignorant of modern comparative anatomy when he explains the reproduction of Aphides, by reference to Dutrochet's views. Has he not heard of Huxley's grand memoir in the "Philosophical Transactions?" Again, he makes a serious blunder when he asserts that *all* Gasteropoda are hermaphrodite. We merely allude to these mistakes to prove that the book is unsound as a scientific production. As showing what has been done towards the cultivation of various forms of animal life, it may be read profitably by some. For our part, we must say that we do not think much of it.

We have two objections more to urge, and, strangely enough, they apply to the first and last pages of the volume. First, why does the author style himself Dr. Phipson? Is he a doctor of medicine, music, laws, or divinity? or does he possess some curious German title? And second, what feeling of modesty prompted him to give, in the conclusion of his volume, a list of all his miscellaneous contributions to magazines and newspapers? In the former instance, we fancy the Dr. was influenced by emotions of too diffident a character; whilst in the latter we think his sense of bashfulness was a little too much in abeyance.

MEDICAL METEOROLOGY.*

It is unfortunately too true, that there is no class in the whole of the vast community known as the literary world whose merits are so little appreciated as that of reviewers. The difficulties and trials which beset the critic's path are numerous indeed, and since, from the nature of his position, his name must ever remain concealed, he is cut off from everything in the shape of direct sympathy. The reviewer is regarded by the embryo author as a sort of ogre, a kind of vampire, whose appetite is only to be sated by the mastication of newly-born writers; and even the publisher looks upon him with a species of horror, as a man whom it is necessary, if possible, to conciliate. Now, these are exceedingly erroneous impressions, and something should be done to eradicate them. We believe that there is hardly a more humane, kindly, or impartial set of men than reviewers to be found in the kingdom. He who sits down to notice critically a new volume is in every respect to be compared to a skilful surgeon. His pen is his knife, and with it he operates. In every case he looks to the ultimate benefit of his patient; and, though the latter may in some instances imagine that the surgeon is a man devoid of feeling, and one who delights in an amputation, it is in point of fact far otherwise. Pen in hand, he surveys the entire structure, encourages the growth of healthy tissue here, removes a piece of proud flesh there, applies his straps of plaster in one locality, and lays on his soothing unguent in another; finally, his labours concluded, he says a word or two of comfort to his subject, and bids him farewell.

Such, be it understood, is the analogy which may be framed for nine-tenths of the cases we allude to; but there are exceptions to almost every rule. It occasionally happens that a volume is presented to our notice which has so few good features, and so many bad ones, that our patience is unduly tried, and our temper (*humanum est errare*) fails us at the very moment we most needed its assistance. In these instances we adopt the form of treatment known as the "heroic," and are not over-scrupulous as to the amount of pain we cause the sufferer. We desire to check an infectious malady, and we employ adequate means to effect its suppression.

That our readers may not think us pleading wantonly for pity, we shall now introduce them to the morbid specimen of pseudo-scientific literature which lies upon our table. The volume is written by an Irish physician, who, happily for his publisher, inherits the name of one who has gained a deservedly high reputation as a biographical writer. The mantle, however, does not always fall upon the shoulders of those who wish to possess it, and so it has occurred in Dr. More Madden's case. His production is entitled "Change of Climate," and leads one at first sight to imagine that it is a semi-physiological treatise upon the subject of climatology, whilst absolutely it is a species of tourist's handbook. We object strongly to book-making, unless the public are to be benefited by it; and our objections become intensified when we find as the result an effusion compounded of bad science and worse grammar, such as is the fruit of Dr. Madden's labours.

To analyze our author's blunders would be to do a gross injustice to the discriminating and observing powers of our readers; so we shall merely give a few quotations in support of what we have

* The Utilization of Minute Life; being Practical Studies on Insects, Crustacea, Mollusca, Worms, Polyps, Infusoria, and Sponges. By Dr. T. L. Phipson, F.C.S. London: Groombridge & Sons.

* On Change of Climate. A Guide for Travellers in Pursuit of Health, &c. By Thomas More Madden, M.D., M.R.C.S.E. London: Newby.

asserted. Speaking of the pressure of the atmosphere on the surface of the body, Dr. Madden writes :—

"So considerable a pressure on the skin, necessarily affecting the capillary vessels, is doubtless one of the *causes of the momentum of the blood.*"

We should like to know what the Doctor understands by the *momentum of the blood*, and how he arrived at the discovery that this momentum is determined by the pressure of the atmosphere. The statement, such as it is, is almost the only abstract physiological assertion in the volume, and is certainly interesting. That other sciences have received equal attention is evident from the allegation that—

"The *longitude* or distance of a place from the equator has led to the division of the earth into five zones."

As an acquaintance with the ordinary rules governing English composition is supposed to form a portion of every medical man's education, we might have supposed that at least in this particular Dr. Madden would have been faultless. Alas! even in regard to grammar, we are compelled to pass censure on our author. What can we say of such sentences as the following?—

"The potent *influence* of change of climate in the cure and prevention of disease was quite as well known to the physicians and philosophers of the middle ages, and even of those times antecedent to Christianity, as *they are at present.*"

"I have not confined myself to *meteorological tables*, but, what I believe to be no less important, have endeavoured to describe the *other physical as well as social features* of the countries of which I have treated."

"There are other *sources* of atmospheric impurity caused by the congregation of vast bodies of men in crowded cities, or evolved by manufacturing and chemical processes."

"The *consideration*, however, of circumstances and conditions of this kind is only preliminary and subservient to the subject of the sanative action of climate in certain forms of disease, bearing in mind the different *idiosyncracies*," &c.

"The *development* of electricity in the air is the result of almost all the chemical and vital actions going on in the world around us, being called into existence by the growth and decay," &c.

The above are a few illustrations of the abundant supply of grammatical peculiarities which Dr. Madden's book affords. Painful as it is to have to read through a volume in which all that relates to "concord" is so ruthlessly trampled upon, it is still more so to think that in London any publisher could be found to allow such glaring errors to pass unnoticed. We must now take leave of Dr. Madden's book. The reviewing it has been an unpleasant task—we trust it will not be a fruitless one. Something must be done for medical education. Will no enterprising firm bring out a cheap and popular edition of "Lindley Murray"? Is that inestimably useful body, the "General Council," to have no share in the undertaking?

JOHN GRESWOLD.*

WITH some good qualifications for the work of story-telling, the author of "Paul Ferroll" has failed in the present instance to produce a novel of marked and striking interest. He can sketch his characters with a light and easy pencil, set them talking, for the most part, naturally enough, and give us some insight into the more hidden parts of their nature; but in "John Greswold" he affords no evidence of ability for the construction of a story, and his *dramatis personæ* fall through for want of a sufficient framework to hold them together. The tale is written in the autobiographical form—one of the best forms for the development of the hero's own mind and disposition, but one of the very worst for the elaboration of a plot, unless the writer be gifted with unusual skill. John Greswold is the younger son of a rather poor country gentleman, deceased. He begins life in the office of a London attorney, who dies in a gambling-house, leaving a will which makes the lad his heir, but of which John honourably refuses to take advantage, having a fear that the old man was not quite in his right wits at the time he made it, and not liking to stand in the way of the married sister and niece favoured by an earlier will. The youth has an elder brother, Robert, who, in the early part of the story, returns from India, where he has been serving in the army, and has received two fearful wounds in battle. The young lady to whom he was engaged, struck with horror at the sight of him, lying pale and maimed on a sofa, trembles, almost shrinks from him, and escapes from the room as soon as she can, to weep over her ruined hopes and her lost lover. She becomes very ill, and is advised to go to Algeria. Her parents cannot well afford this, and Robert, though feeling sure she will never become his wife, and, indeed, setting her free, provides the family with money for the trip. Later in the first volume, we find her returning to England, restored to health, and the wife of a baronet. The character is undoubtedly sketched (for it is nothing more than a sketch) with a good deal of verisimilitude to a certain class of girls whose very amiability, owing to a prevailing weakness of soul, takes the form of selfishness; but the picture is an extremely disagreeable one, and it has nothing to do with the main story, if we can speak of a story where there is little

more than a series of disjointed scenes. The chief interest is of course centred on John Greswold himself, and on his passion for a certain charming Ruth Winspear. Ruth turns a very cold face to the young man's devotion; and, in truth, though the author evidently wishes us to regard her as almost perfect, we cannot say that she moves in our hearts the least feeling of regard, notwithstanding her stately rectitude. She has a cousin, the young Lord Ennavant—gay, handsome, fascinating, and kind-hearted, but terribly careless in money matters, and thus bringing his estate into woful disorder. John Greswold fears that Ruth and he are going to make a match; but the young lady, as far as we can perceive, does not seem inclined to be in love with anybody, and Lord Ennavant is obliged by his necessities to give himself to a Miss Nation, rich, but coarse-minded and heartless, who wants a title and is ready to buy it. Ere the marriage can take place, however, the nobleman is killed in endeavouring to leap his horse across a gully in the woods near his mansion; the hopes of Miss Nation are for ever destroyed, and Ruth, being now the daughter of the new lord, seems too high above John to be within his scope. The chapter describing the death of Lord Ennavant, which occurs on the evening of a *fête* to be given at his seat—the house lighted up with coloured lamps at the very moment when its master is lying stark and mangled in the dark woods—is conceived and executed with great tenderness and force. But the story, as such, is next to nothing, and the coldness of Ruth to John Greswold is not satisfactorily accounted for, though there is a slight under-current of incident which we are bidden to accept as an explanation. The happiness of both brothers is ruined by women on whom they have set their hearts, but for whom the reader can conceive no regard; nor indeed is there much in the flabby character of John himself to excite any great sympathy with his misfortune. The work is not without evidences of power, especially in the way of mental analysis; but it is power wasted by being scattered, and by being bestowed on conceptions for which we do not care.

LOST SIR MASSINGBERD.*

"LOST SIR MASSINGBERD" is a story which, having professedly more of the characteristics of romance than the ordinary works of fiction descriptive of everyday-life, is calculated rather, it may be admitted, to amuse the young than to entertain the reader of matured and cultivated taste. If anyone be desirous of reopening his mind to early impressions, or should wish to realise his own idea of what his childish predilections probably were, he may have recourse to this truly extraordinary narrative. The preternatural gloom with which the annals of the Heath family are overshadowed; the unexceptional and increasing iniquity with which each successive generation is credited; the glaring and acknowledged depravity which renders every scion of the family tree an outcast almost from civilized society while living, and insures him, at his end, a reception in unconsecrated ground,—remind one with a pleasant thrill of the imperfectly-known antecedents of Bluebeard, and of certain passages in the *Memoirs of the Life and Times of Dr. Faustus*. To this, although the modern agencies of Bow-street runners and one-pound notes are introduced, the wonderful and woful end of the hero, which, in its horrible retributive justice, has a touch of the grotesque, not a little, indeed, contributes. As the work has already appeared in the columns of a well-known weekly journal, it is unnecessary to dwell upon the progress of the story. The final catastrophe appears to us improbable—indeed, inconsistent with the supposed object of the sufferer. But, as almost the whole of the reader's interest in the tale is concentrated on the fatal fact of the wicked and wretched baronet's disappearance, and in the sudden recovery of the knowledge of his whereabouts in the midst of festivities attendant on the birth of an heir to the family estates, we forbear to promulge a mystery with which so many are acquainted.

THE GOLDSWORTHY FAMILY.†

A WORK of fiction constructed entirely on the platform of common sense and every-day life, without anything strained in the story, affected in sentiment, or exaggerated in incident, is both a novelty and a treat; and this the author has produced in the volumes now before us. As a composition, it is remarkable for symmetry of design, clearness of outline, and that mental tenacity of grasp, which never suffers the reader's interest in the story to slacken or be diverted from its just objects. The hero of the work is a country solicitor, enjoying a good position in society, a high reputation for legal acumen and integrity, and a lucrative practice. With all this, with much apparent self-denial in matters where his own interest is involved, and with a show of external piety and ostentatious candour, he is at heart thoroughly bad, an unscrupulous and insatiable money-grubber, steadily bent upon the ruin of everyone about him whose losses can be made conducive to his own advantage. His wife and son, and his brother's widow and her two children, constitute the Goldsworthy family. A Major Riverdale, son of Lord Riverdale, and a *roué* like his father, Miss Fearon, a governess, the Rev. Mr. Gilchrist, curate of the parish, and Skillet, a legal practitioner of inferior stamp, and chiefly

* *Lost Sir Massingberd: a Romance of Real Life.* Two vols. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

† *The Goldsworthy Family; or, The Country Attorney.* By William Gilbert, Author of "Shirley Hall Asylum," &c. Two vols. London: W. Freeman.

* John Greswold. By the Author of "Paul Ferroll," &c. Two vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

employed as a tool in matters thought beneath himself by the more dignified member of the profession, play the part of secondary agents in the drama, and are all ably sketched. Much of the tale is occupied with details relating to documents of a legal character,—settlements, mortgages, bills, &c., the nature of which, and the charges involved in them, being in all cases sufficiently, and in some minutely, explained, but never without due bearing on the events of the narrative, give to the latter an air of reality rare and surprising in works of this description. The pecuniary transactions, of which there are many, are all of the most business-like character, and proceed in a manner as true to the course of monetary transactions as do the conversations and occurrences narrated to that of ordinary domestic life. The hero himself,—this shrewd, cold-hearted, human calculating machine,—being ambitious of founding a family, appears to be actuated by only one motive which will at all bear examination—the hope of seeing his son (an empty-headed, frivolous coxcomb, destined for the army, but addicted to cards and dice and other pastimes, occasionally profitable as well as agreeable) as much respected for his conduct as the wealth he is likely to inherit will render him enviable in position. To accomplish this hope, so fondly but vainly entertained, and with the disappointment of which the Nemesis of the story is of course intimately connected, he is prepared, while keeping within the strict letter of the law, to run almost any risk. Due justice, however, is, in the end, administered, not only upon him, but upon all offenders. The unforeseen death of a single individual entirely neutralizes the life-long plans of the wily lawyer. To dilate upon the particulars of the plot would be both difficult and unnecessary; it is sufficient that our readers may be assured, beforehand, of their interest in the story, and that their approval, both as regards its moral and its execution, may be safely accorded.

SCIENTIFIC MONTHLIES.

The Geologist for this month opens with an exceedingly philosophical article by the Editor (Mr. Mackie) upon "The Primary Translation of the Earth." There is hardly any subject in the wide domain of astronomy upon which so much speculation can be expended as that of the cause of the earth's orbit. Numerous hypotheses have from time to time been framed in order to account for the origin of the ellipse in which we move; but candid mathematicians must admit that even the best of these theories is unsatisfactory. The various views are lucidly exposed and severely criticised in the paper we refer to. It is shown that the force originally allowed to operate could not have caused the planet to move in a circle, for "there is no such force as circular projection known. We cannot shoot round a corner, even with a bent gun; therefore, if the earth's orbital motion be due to any original projectile force, the primary direction of the earth's course must have been direct, and this normal course can only have been turned into a circular one—revolution round the sun—by the sun's superior attractive power." The continuation of the essay on "Fossil Birds" is valuable in a historic aspect. Miss E. Hodgson contributes a useful paper on "The Glacial Drift of Furness, Lancashire," and the usual correspondence, notes, proceedings, and reviews, complete the number. We regret to announce that the present issue is the last of this well-known journal. *The Geologist* now merges in a new monthly, to be published by Messrs. Longman on the 30th of June, under the title of *The Geological Magazine*. Mr. Mackie's labours terminate with his publication, and we understand that Professor Rupert Jones will be the Editor of the new journal.

The last number of the *Journal of Botany* is not so generally interesting as usual. The scientific matter is good, but for the number of pages which the journal contains we think the articles extend over too much space. The first paper, which is illustrated by a tolerably well-executed plate, is upon a new species of *Boussingaultia*, one of the Goose-foot order of plants. The plant described comes from Brazil, and for that reason alone is of interest, inasmuch as hitherto the only recorded members of its group have been discovered on the western side of the American continent. From the article on "The Phanerogamic Flora of Spitzbergen," we learn that a larger number of species is found upon the western than on the eastern shores, and that there are other well-marked differences between the two regions, attributable, probably, to the earlier melting of the ice on the western coasts. It is an important feature of the Spitzbergen flora, that the flowering plants are all perennial. This peculiarity is thus explained:—"It depends, so to speak, on wind and weather, whether a plant can produce ripe seed during the short summer. No doubt they generally do so, but, if in any year they failed, plants having an annual root must, of necessity, be lost, while the continued existence of the species with perennial roots would be secured." The Editor (Dr. Seeman) gives a copious list of "plants producing double flowers," from which we observe, that, with the exception of a few South African and American species, all the plants of this kind belong to the northern hemisphere. We would call the Editor's attention to the circumstance that the cataloguing of new species is not the most sublime branch of botanic science, and that if a little more structural and physiological botany were introduced into his journal, it would considerably add to its interest, and would certainly be no injury to its reputation.

The Intellectual Observer has honestly won for itself a high position in the rank of "popular science" journals; but we fancy that latterly it has rather fallen below the high standard formerly established by it. The first paper in the number before us is by a lady who has already distinguished herself in the department of zoology she has selected. Miss E. M. Smee contributes a very interesting article upon the "Caddis-worm and its Houses," in which she details the numerous experiments she made upon these larvæ to determine the extent of their habitation-forming powers. The young of this species are known

to form cases of sand and shells in order to protect themselves from the attacks of their enemies. Knowing this, the authoress supplied them with various materials, such as precious stones, metals, &c., and, as results, she obtained cases made of these several substances. These researches, though communicated to the Zoological Society some twelve months since, will be new to most readers. The review of recent microscopic literature is well done; but we cannot, in the present state of science, assent to Mr. Dawson's doctrines. The paper on the "Dodo and Didunculus" is cleverly compiled, and the writer is correct in espousing the view put forward by Messrs. Strickland & Melville; it would, however, have been as well to give a reference to the splendid monograph, in which these opinions were broached. Dr. Lionel Beale's "vital theory" is severely criticized, the Doctor being advised "not to tumble into the old quagmire of substituting imaginary metaphysical entities like 'vital force' for more scientific methods of explaining what he sees, or, for what is often required, a simple confession that the explanation is unknown." Now that astronomy is becoming so popular, we think the introduction of the papers on stars and planets, which form so marked a characteristic of this periodical, highly commendable.

The Fisherman's Magazine is a new-comer, this month's number being only the third of the series. The Editor, who is as well known to the poetical as to the scientific world, contributes the first article, which is a continuation, and is devoted to the subject of "Spinning for Pike." The relative merits of single and twisted gut are discussed in a manner to interest all anglers, and the remedies for "kinking" and the various forms of "swivels" receive the writer's serious consideration. The illustrative woodcuts are explanatory of the text, and, if some of them are not of a very scientific character, they are, at all events, amusing. In the paper on "Fishing Stations" there is an allusion to the commonly-received notion that the "rudd" is a hybrid between the carp and the roach, an idea which is quite erroneous, for "there are no true roach in Ireland, though plenty of rudd." This statement we accept "cum grano salis," as we do not see on what evidence the assertion as to the distribution of the roach is based. The article on "Seaside Fishing," and that on Fish Ladders, are good; but certainly the most important, though almost the shortest contribution, is that from the pen of Mr. Ffennel, the inspector of fisheries. It is upon "close seasons," and advocates the closure of at least five months in the year for net-fishing for salmon. If a little of the comic style which characterizes the papers in this journal were dispensed with, it would be an advantage.

The Artizan, though of a more special character than the foregoing Magazines, is nevertheless both an interesting and useful periodical. This number is quite up to the mark, and contains, besides a valuable paper by Mr. Smith on "Radial Traversing Carriages," a very interesting description of the yacht in process of construction by Messrs. T. & W. Winan. This vessel, which will be one of the most curious ever built, is so contrived that "the length of the hull in proportion to its beam is sixteen times, or about double the proportions in ordinary ship-building." The transverse section of her hull is a perfect circle in every portion of its length, and when taken longitudinally it forms an arc of a circle whose radius is 1,028 feet. A series of plates illustrates both these papers, and the reports of the Society of Arts and the Institution of Civil Engineers make up a very useful number of this publication.

SHORT NOTICES.

The Palm-Tree. By S. Moody (Nelson & Sons).—Miss Moody has produced a charming volume, in which she relates all that is memorable in connection with one of the most famous of trees—its natural history, its scientific classification and structure, its uses, its commercial products, its local associations, its poetry, and its religious symbolism. The subject is one of remarkable richness and beauty, and it has been treated by Miss Moody from a popular, rather than a technical, point of view. A little sentimentalism is indeed occasionally observable; but this is almost inevitable in a book devoted to so poetical a tree, and written by a lady, from whom one expects a certain affectionate mode of regarding any topic which appeals to the moral and devotional instincts. The illustrations are by Miss Moody herself, and do great credit to her skill as an artist. The woodcut head and tail-pieces, representing the leaves and fruit of the palm-tree, are exquisitely drawn, and the sketches printed in colours, though a little violent in hue, are both pretty and interesting. The volume altogether is a graceful tribute to one of Nature's most beautiful productions.

A Change and Many a Change (Hatchard & Co.).—A little tale with a moral and religious bearing, showing how the sorrows and struggles of Fanny Powell, the daughter of a Welsh clergyman, served to develop her spiritual nature, and to make her the beloved of all, especially of the poor and afflicted. The book is manifestly the production of a feminine pen, being characterized by that domestic and somewhat confidential tone which is so often observable in the writings of fair story-tellers. Narratives of this kind appeal to a peculiar public, and to that public this particular specimen will doubtless be acceptable.

An Abridgment of the Practical English Grammar. By Roscoe Mongan, A.B. (Longman & Co.).—This abridgment of a work already published is designed for the use of beginners and for junior classes. A brief history of the English language precedes the Grammar, and in the main body of the work the various rules are stated with clearness and precision. Numerous examples are appended, and exercises, analyses of sentences, explanations of punctuation, &c., accompany the more formal exposition of grammatical laws. Mr. Mongan's book marks a great advance beyond the system of Lindley Murray.

Fantastic Stories. By Edward Yardley, Jun. (Longman & Co.).—A great deal of humour, fancy, and invention is observable in Mr. Yardley's stories. The author seems to have a keen perception of the ludicrous

inherent in the fantastic, and has blended the two with much art. His little volume is amusing, graceful, and lively.

Our Mutual Friend. By Charles Dickens. No. II. (Chapman & Hall.)—Several fresh characters are introduced into the second number of Mr. Dickens's work—Silas Wegg, an old fellow who keeps a stall at a dusty, east-windy corner near Cavendish-square; Mr. Boffin, a fat, well-to-do, ignorant man, who engages Mr. Wegg to come to him in the evening, and read Gibbon's "Decline and Fall;" Mr. Venus, a stuffer of dead beasts and birds, who has had transactions with Harmon, the deceased dust-contractor; and some others. The two first of these characters are in Mr. Dickens's well-known grotesque manner; and Mr. Venus is also somewhat of an oddity. The gem of the number is the chapter in which the girl, Lizzie Hexam, her brother, and her father, are re-introduced, and which is full of pathos and power. We still see but little of the future course of the story, but it promises to be curiously involved.

Songs of Life and Labour. Edited by David Page, F.R.S.E., F.G.S. (Nimmo, Edinburgh).—This is another volume of the series entitled, "Life Lights of Song," and consists of selections from old and modern authors on the duties of life and the dignity and consolation of labour.

We have received *Revelations from Printing-House Square: Is the Anonymous System a Security for the Purity and Independence of the Press?* by W. Hargreaves (Ridgway), in which the author vehemently attacks the *Times* for "dropping its mask" in the presence of the great and influential, and thus obtaining for its editors and writers good posts under Government, or other suitable rewards for services performed;—*Instances of the Power of God, as Manifested in His Animal Creation*, by Professor Owen (Longmans)—the lecture to the Young Men's Christian Association which created some scandal on account of the author having disputed in it the Biblical account of the antiquity of the earth, and which is now republished with a few notes on the subject by the Professor himself;—Part IV. of Dr. Latham's new edition of *Johnson's Dictionary* (Longmans);—No. VIII. of the *Autographic Mirror*;—No. VI. of a Magazine called *Events of the Month*, in which a summary of news is added to the usual complement of stories, sketches, reviews, &c.;—the June number of the *Victoria Magazine*, rendered melancholy by the last section of the "Journal kept in Egypt," by Mr. Nassau W. Senior, whose death we chronicle below;—the last issue of the *Rose*, the *Shamrock*, and the *Thistle Magazine*, and of the *British Army Review*, which next month is to be enlarged, and to be partly dedicated to the sister service;—Part XVI. of Mr. Watts's *Dictionary of Chemistry*, founded on that of Dr. Ure (Longmans);—*Intervention: a Duty or a Crime* (Bell & Daldy), in which England and her Government are denounced for not having drawn the sword on behalf of Denmark;—and *Two Speeches on Moving the Previous Question to Mr. Baines's Bill for Reducing the Borough Franchise to Six Pounds* (April 10th, 1861—May 11th, 1864), by Stephen Cave, Esq., M.P. for New Shoreham and the Rape of Bramber (Blackwood & Sons), the publication of which has been called forth by Mr. Gladstone's reproduction of his own speech.

LITERARY OBITUARY.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, one of the most remarkable American writers of fiction of the present day, is dead. The mail which arrived in the early part of the present week brought intelligence of his sudden demise at Plymouth, New Hampshire, on the 19th ult., though, strange to say, the telegrams said not a word on the subject. His health had been declining for some time, and, in company with his friend Mr. Franklin Pierce, he was taking a journey in the hope of recovering his former strength. But the mischief, whatever it may have been, was deep-seated. He was found dead in his bed about three o'clock in the morning, although he had retired the previous night without any serious symptoms. Mr. Hawthorne was barely sixty, having been born on "Independence Day" (July 4th), 1804. When in Bowden College in 1825, he was in the same class with Cheever and Longfellow—names that have since become famous, together with his own. It was not until 1837 that he was widely known as an author, and then only in his own country. In that year he republished from the magazines a collection of stories under the general title of "Twice-told Tales," to which a second series was added in 1842. "Mosses from an Old Manse" appeared in 1845; but he was very little, if at all, known in England until 1851, when his "Scarlet Letter," produced the previous year in America, produced an immense effect here, and at once gave him a place amongst English critics as a writer of singular originality and power, and amongst the English public at large as a novelist capable of holding them entranced by a grim and yet fascinating spell. All his previous works were in immediate demand in this country, and were circulated by thousands in cheap as well as dear reprints. "The Snow Image and Other Tales," "Collected Tales," "True Stories from History and Biography," "The House of the Seven Gables," "The Blithedale Romance," "A Wonder Book," and "Tanglewood Tales," followed in rapid succession, the last-named being published in 1853. Then came a lull of some years; but in 1860 appeared what was perhaps the most highly-elaborated and ambitious of his works of fiction, "The Romance of Monte Beni," a novel full of the most glowing and exquisite pictures of Italian scenery and manners, woven into a strange, wild, fantastic story, trenching, as his conceptions not unfrequently did, on the limits of the morbid. His latest work was that on England, published last autumn, and creating some irritation here on account of its petulant tone towards this country, and its ungallant remarks on English women. Mr. Hawthorne had resided at Liverpool from 1852 to 1857 as American consul, and had occupied official posts in his own country; but his mind was hardly fitted for business affairs. It was essentially literary, with a touch of the recluse and the mystic. His shy, retiring, almost weird nature, so truthfully reflected in his books, led him at one time to inhabit an ancient and mysterious residence, which he has introduced into his

"Mosses from an Old Manse," and at another time to join some literary friends in establishing at Brook Farm a sort of Fourierite community, somewhat similar to the "Pantisocracy" which Coleridge, Southey, and a few fellow-enthusiasts proposed to inaugurate. The scheme, of course, fell through, according to the fate of all such daring attempts to anticipate the slow evolution of ages; but Hawthorne continued a dreamer all his life. Besides his stories, he wrote some essays, characterized by exquisite taste, delicate sensibility, and a certain autumnal tone of thought—rich, sober, and grave, with the tender magnificence and quaint freakishness of the many-tinted and decaying foliage. He also wrote a Life of Mr. Franklin Pierce, the President who appointed him to Liverpool. Being of Puritan descent, and a native of Massachusetts, he had something of the austerity of the old Pilgrim Fathers in his appearance and manners, though not in his opinions, in which he differed from seventeenth-century views of religion. In the present unhappy civil war, his sympathies were with that section of the once United States to which he belonged; and it was his annoyance at the coldness of this country towards the North that made him somewhat bitter with respect to English men and women in his latest book—a feeling different to what he had expressed in previous works. We can readily forgive this, however, for the sake of his admirable creations. He had a strange, mobile, often ghastly imagination, which loved to concern itself with the shadowy possibilities of things; and he wrote a style which showed that he was a master of pure and nervous English.

Journalism in our own country has sustained a loss in the death of Mr. W. J. Fox, who expired on the 3rd instant, in his seventy-eighth year. He was a native of Wrentham, in Suffolk, where his father was a small farmer, though he subsequently became a weaver at Norwich. Young Fox, being designed for a Dissenting minister, was sent to Homerton College, London, for education as a Congregationalist; but he soon broke loose from this connection, and became a Unitarian of a rather extreme order. For several years he preached at the chapel in South-place, Finsbury; but he ultimately quitted the ministry, and devoted himself entirely to politics and journalism. He used frequently, some twenty years ago, to give a species of half-secular, half-religious Sunday evening lecture at the National Hall, Holborn, and, his powers of oratory being great, he was engaged by the Anti-Corn-Law Leaguers as one of their agitators in favour of Free-trade, to which he was devotedly attached. His pen, as well as his tongue, was given to the same cause, and there can be no question that he contributed largely towards the success of that great movement. The reputation he thus acquired carried him into Parliament at the general election of 1847, as member for Oldham, formerly represented by the famous William Cobbett; but he did not speak very frequently there, nor was his oratory, which had hitherto been calculated for moving large masses of men of all classes, exactly suited for the more stately and demure audience of a House of Commons. In 1852, Mr. Fox was defeated at Oldham by Mr. Cobbett, son of the more celebrated bearer of that name; but, on the death of that gentleman's colleague a few months later, the ex-Unitarian clergyman again represented the Radical Lancashire borough. Failing health, combined, we believe, with impaired eyesight, almost amounting to blindness, compelled him to resign in 1862. All this while he was a busy and constant writer in the *Westminster* and *Prospective Reviews*, and for several years in the columns of a weekly contemporary, once possessed of name and influence. He was a man of fine literary tastes, very conversant with old English authors, as well as with the classics of antiquity. His death will be widely regretted. He was long a power in the literary and political world, and has left behind him an unblemished character for honesty and steadfastness of purpose. Those who had once seen Mr. Fox were not likely to forget him. A face like those of the old Puritans surmounted an almost dwarfish figure, the head seeming to be set on the broad, massive shoulders without the interposition of any neck; while the long grey hair, parted in the middle, and the plain, dark dress, contributed to the general effect.

Death has also removed from among us Mr. NASSAU W. SENIOR—by profession a lawyer, by habits a literary man. He was for some years a Master in Chancery; but he was a writer on political economy (of which he was the Oxford Professor) and on the *belles lettres*. A series of articles of his on Egypt is at the present time going through the *Victoria Magazine*. His contributions to the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews were republished in a volume two or three months back, and were noticed in these columns at the time. In the preface, written by a friend, it was stated that he had been seized with serious illness during the progress of the book through the press; but hopes were entertained of his recovery. He expired, however, a few days ago, at the age of seventy-three.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

SHAKESPEARE has again been figuring in the newspapers this week, after the lull consequent on the cessation of Tercentenary celebrations. In the first place, we learn that the festivities at Stratford were so expensive that, as we anticipated, so far from there being a surplus to hand over to the London Committee, in aid either of the Monument or of the Scholarship, there will be a serious deficit; inasmuch that Lord Leigh will transfer his subscription for the schools to the local Committee. The materials of the pavilion in which the dramatic performances, the banquet, and the balls took place, have been sold—of course at an immense depreciation. Among other lots, the act-drop, painted by Mr. Telbin, has been sold, together with its machinery, to Mr. Shepherd, of the Surrey Theatre, for £26; and other things have fetched even lower prices. In the second place, Mr. Francis Barham writes from Bath to the *Illustrated London News*, to point out that Shakespeare was obviously a reader of Sutton's religious work, "Disce Mori, or Learn to Die" (first published in the year 1600), and to show that in certain passages he copied ideas and phrases occurring in the book

alluded to; also that, judging from the last two of the Sonnets, it is evident that Shakespeare at one time paid a visit to Bath. In the third place, a Mr. John Coleman writes to the *Times*, "to call attention to the fact that there is now living at No. 6, Great Berry-street, Wolverhampton, George Shakespeare, of Henley-on-Arden, the eldest male descendant in the direct line from Gilbert, William Shakespeare's brother—that very Gilbert who lived until after the Restoration, and who was said to have been the actor who told Oldys that he had seen his brother William act Adam in 'As You Like It.'" This George Shakespeare, according to Mr. Coleman, is a hard-working man in indigent circumstances, and the writer suggests that it would be a graceful act to make him the curator of the house in Henley-street, Stratford-on-Avon. We are told that he has hitherto remained silent on the ground of his illustrious relationship, on account of the difficulty he has had in completing the proofs of his pedigree; but Mr. Coleman says that, when he first saw him eight years ago, he "needed no other testimony than that his face afforded," since he was "the living image of our poet." To this account the Editor of the *Times* adds the brief and pithy note—"Wonderful, if true." The present is not the first time we have had claimants to the same honour. An actor of the name of Shakespeare appeared on the London stage some quarter of a century ago, but very soon disappeared. This, however, should not prejudice Mr. George Shakespeare's claim, if well founded.

Who does not remember the old "Percy Anecdotes," edited by those strangely-named gentlemen, Sholto and Reuben Percy? Amongst juvenile readers no work was so popular, unless we except Wilson's "Tales of the Border." This and the former were the best-thumbed of the big boys' books in the school libraries. Like most compilations, however, the "Percy Anecdotes" served but for a time. Reading tastes changed, and the facts and *ana* treasured up in the pages of the Percies became dry and flat, because a little late in the day. Very recently Mr. Timbs has done a good deal in the way of collecting the pithy and striking anecdotes and paragraphs of our current literature; and now two members of a family, if anything more celebrated in literature than the Percies, come forward with an entirely new gathering of literary scraps for young people with inquiring minds—Ralph and Chandos Temple. "The Temple Anecdotes," of which two numbers have already appeared, are giving satisfaction to readers of all classes, to the booksellers, to the publishers in Paternoster-row, and to the industrious author, who, not content with one fair name, must needs adopt two grand ones like his precursor, the toiling Editor of the Percy collection.

The strictures recently passed in the Westminster Court by the deputy judge upon some of the most respectable auctioneers in London have been very severely commented upon in literary circles. If policemen and informers, it is urged, are to be the judges of what is fit or not fit, in the way of literature, to go upon a gentleman's library shelves, we may say good bye to most of the finely-illustrated French books of the last century—the "Fontaines," the "Contes" of Marguerite of Navarre, the volumes by Dorat, several books by Voltaire, and most of the delicate gems from the gravers of Eisen and Gravelot. There is a wide difference, say the objectors, between what may be simply counted as dirt in literature, and what is archeological, or antiquarian. In France, the Emperor is exceedingly particular about the manufacture of impure books; but ancient works of art and the literature of past ages he invariably respects.

It is currently reported in literary circles on the Continent that the library at Bassano has lost a volume containing a valuable portion of Canova's correspondence. All of Canova's papers were bequeathed to this library, and have hitherto been preserved with great care; but a short time since a priest came there with excellent letters of introduction, which his personal appearance recommended in so strong a manner as to command great confidence. A volume, containing interesting letters addressed to Canova, was, at his request, lent him at his lodgings. The day after this favour was granted, the priest disappeared with the volume, and it appears from inquiries set on foot that he was no priest, and that the letters of introduction he brought with him were forged. A general inquiry is now taking place amongst the old book-stalls of those towns where it is thought the MS. may have found its way.

We recently gave a few particulars of the late Madame de Lamartine. A brief sketch of her has just been published in Paris, which tells the world something of her domestic life. It appears that she copied with her own hand all of M. de Lamartine's works, except "Les Girondins." All of the "copy" supplied to the printer is in her hand; she kept the poet's own manuscript as a precious treasure, which she knew posterity would value as highly as she did. He wrote the poem "Jocelyn" in a large album which he used for an account-book. The obverse face of the leaves contained the accounts of the labourers in his vineyards, the reverse was covered with poetry. After the poem was completed, and negotiations with a publisher were carried to a successful issue, Lamartine, pointing to the album as he mounted his horse to make one of his usual long excursions, asked his wife to send it to the printer. She opened it, and, seeing at first nothing but the accounts of the labourers in the vineyard, thought there must be some mistake. She examined farther, and found the reverse face of every leaf contained "Jocelyn." She laughed, took the album to her secretary, and resolutely set to work to copy the poem. M. de Lamartine thought his work in the publisher's hands, until a week afterwards, when, as they were sitting down to breakfast, she gave him the album and the unblotted manuscript of "Jocelyn." The poet was so deeply touched that he took a pen and wrote the three dedicatory strophes to Maria Anna Eliza, which are to be found on the first page of that work. Who has not read them? She copied all of M. de Lamartine's correspondence. She leaves a great many letters scattered in the hands of friends, which M. Dargaud, it is said, is collecting with a view to publication. They are represented as written with great talent.

Our recent paragraph upon the extraordinarily brisk state of the book trade in New York, and the other large American cities, now

receives verification, and some little explanation, in the ably-conducted *Literary Gazette and Publishers' Circular*, issued bi-monthly at Philadelphia. The Editor, in congratulating the booksellers of the country upon the good success which has attended their recent paper speculations, says:—"The results of the recent trade sales in this city and in New York indicate a most flourishing condition of the trade. It may to some seem difficult to account for the prosperous state of the trade, while the country is engaged in a civil strife, which one would suppose would have the effect of draining and absorbing, or of diverting its resources, as well as of restricting the domestic market. But, instead of a depression of the book business, we have a greatly increased activity. The war has of itself added a new and imposing department to our literature, consisting of military treatises of all kinds, original and republished, relating to all branches of the army and navy service. Besides this, we have official military reports, biographical publications, histories of the war, journals of officers, narratives of tourists, war-novels and war-poems, political treatises, and pamphlets without number. These issues are becoming almost innumerable, and their effect has been literally to add a new and vast department to our lists. Moreover, the very restlessness and the cravings of the times may lead the public to seek enjoyment in books. But, whatever the solution may be, the fact is so, that the book-trade never before appeared to be so prosperous."

The curiosities of bibliography are many. We have lists of books condemned to be burnt, or whose authors were whipped or imprisoned; lists of books printed on vellum or coloured papers; lists of books on magic and sorcery; and now this extraordinary work is announced from a Brussels house:—"Bibliographie des Œuvres relatives à l'Amour, aux Femmes, au Mariage; contenant les titres détaillés de ces ouvrages, les noms des auteurs, un aperçu de leur sujet, leur valeur, et leur prix dans les ventes, l'indication de ceux qui ont été poursuivis ou qui ont subi des condamnations, par M. le C. de L.***." It is a stout volume of more than 400 pages, and only a very few copies have been printed for the use of those professed bibliomaniacs who collect literary curiosities. The publisher, Gay, only a short time since was driven from Paris on account of a catalogue of the private library of Marie Antoinette, which he had issued contrary to the wishes of the Emperor.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has recently consented to accept the office of Patron of the Church of England Book-hawking Union, and has forwarded a donation of ten guineas to its funds.

Announcements of new books are not very plentiful. Paternoster-row has begun its holidays, and publishers are holding back until the autumn season. The following works, however, are in preparation, or on the eve of publication:—

Messrs. WILLIAMS & NORGATE have in the press, in 1 vol., a new work on the "Inspiration of the Scriptures, showing the Testimony which they themselves bear to their own Inspiration," by James Stark, M.D., author of "The Westminster Confession of Faith Critically Compared with the Holy Scriptures, and Found Wanting."

In addition to works already announced, Messrs. SMITH, ELDER, & Co., have in the press "Wanted, a Home," by the Author of "Morning Clouds" and "The Romance of a Dull Life," 3 vols.; "Darkest before Dawn," by the Author of "The Cruellest Wrong of All," 3 vols., &c.

Messrs. LONGMAN & Co. are about to publish a new work with the quaint title of "Gamaliel, a Dialogue on State Affairs between a Constitutional Lawyer and a Country Gentleman about to enter Public Life," by George Atkinson, Serjeant-at-law.

A series of "Knapsack Guides" are in preparation by Mr. MURRAY, which will be of the greatest assistance to those English pedestrians who "do" one part or other of Europe every year. The districts included in the scheme are Belgium and the Rhine, the Tyrol, Switzerland, France, Italy, and Rome.

The third and fourth volumes of the "History of Normandy and England," by the late Sir Francis Palgrave, completing the History to the death of William Rufus, edited by F. T. Palgrave, will be published next week by Messrs. MACMILLAN & Co. The same house have nearly ready Shakespeare's "Tempest," the text taken from "The Cambridge Shakespeare," with notes, critical and explanatory, with special reference to the University Local Examinations, by the Rev. J. M. Jephson; and will publish immediately, "Sonnets on Neology, and Other Subjects," by Charles Turner, dedicated to the Poet Laureate, and "Thoughts from a Girl's Life," by Mary Rivers.

ANECDOTE OF CHIEF JUSTICE HOLT.—Mr. Knox was one day talking of the habit which many persons, even of superior education, contract of interlarding their conversation with one or another peculiar phrase, without being aware of it. Among such was the celebrated lawyer, Chief Justice Holt, whose perpetually recurring expression was, "Lookie, d'ye see?" An admirer of the Chief Justice one day said to his nephew, "Your uncle is a great man, but what a pity it is that he can't talk for any time together without bringing in, 'Lookie, d'ye see?'" "I'll break him of it," said the nephew; and the mode he adopted was as follows: Holt had often found fault with him for not giving his mind to legal studies. One day the nephew surprised him not a little by saying: "Well, uncle, I have thought much of your advice, and have been acting upon it so intently as to have versified parts of 'Coke upon Lyttleton.' Shall I give you a specimen?" Holt nodded assent, and he proceeded thus:—

"He that is tenant in fee
Need neither quake nor quiver;
For he hath it, 'Lookie, d'ye see?'
To him and his heirs for ever."

"Ah, you rogue," said the old judge, "I understand you."—*Harford's Wilberforce.*

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- A Change and Many a Change. Fcp., 3s. 6d.
 Arnold (M.), a French Eton. Fcp., 2s. 6d.
 Baldwin (J. L.), Laws of Short Whist. Fcp., 3s. 6d.
 Barwell (R.), Guide in the Sick Room. Fcp., 3s. 6d.
 Basham (W. R.), Croonian Lectures on Dropsy. 8vo., 5s.
 Bessie Field. 18mo., 1s.
 Bible Picture Book (The). Oblong 8vo., 5s.
 Border and Bastille, by Author of "Guy Livingstone." New edit. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Boy's (The) Treasury of Sports and Pastimes. Fcp., 1s.
 Buxton (C.), How to Stop Drunkenness. Fcp., 1s.
 Carter (Rev. T. T.), Life and Sacrifice: Lent Lectures. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
 Children (The) of the Chapel. Fcp., 2s.
 Cook (Captain), Life and Voyages. New edit. 18mo., 2s. 6d.
 Corbet (H.), Tales and Traits of Sporting Life. Fcp., 2s. 6d.
 Cornhill Magazine. Vol. IX. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Craik (Professor), History of English Literature. 2nd edit. 2 vols. 8vo., 25s.
 Daisy Chain, by Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." New edit. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Dalton (Rev. E.), Life of Joseph. 2nd edit. Fcp., 3s. 6d.
 Davidson's Precedents in Conveyancing. 3rd edit. Vol. II. Part I. 8vo., £1. 3s.
 Dawbarn (E.), Recreation and Usefulness. Fcp., 1s. 6d.
 Diez (F.), Dictionary of the Romance Languages. 8vo., 15s.
 Edgar (J. G.), Noble Dames of Ancient Story. Fcp., 3s. 6d.
 Evening Words. 18mo., 2s.
 Family Friend. Vol. for Midsummer, 1864. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Fairbairn (W.), Two Lectures on Iron. 8vo., 1s.
 Fletcher (Lucy), Thoughts from a Girl's Life. Fcp., 4s. 6d.
 Forshall (Rev. J.), St. Matthew, Chapters I.—XII., with Notes. 4to., 10s. 6d.
 Games and Sports for Young Boys. Fcp., 1s.
 Gregg (T. D.), Leviathan. 8vo., 1s.
 Haupt (H.), Military Bridges. 8vo., 28s.
 Herbert (A.), The Danes in Camp. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Herschel (Sir J. F. W.), Outlines of Astronomy. 7th edit. 8vo., 18s.
 Huxley (T. H.), Man's Place in Nature. 3rd edit. 8vo., 6s.
 Jackson (Bishop), God's Word and Man's Heart: Sermons. Fcp., 3s. 6d.
 Jones (C. H.), Clinical Observations on Functional Disorders. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 London Society. Vol. V. 8vo., 9s. 6d.
 Lytton (Sir E. B.), A Strange Story. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 McCrindell (Miss), Schoolgirl in France. New edit. Fcp., 3s. 6d.
 Mattie: a Story, by Author of "High Church." 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Maurice Dering. 2nd edit. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 15s.
 Maude Talbot, by Holme Lee. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Old Sayings Illustrated. 18mo., 1s.
 Oxenden (Rev. A.), Story of Ruth. New edit. 18mo., 1s. 6d.
 Palgrave (Sir F.), History of Normandy. Vols. III. and IV. 8vo., 21s. each.
 Parnell (G. F.), Superficial Ready Reckoner. 8vo., 21s.
 Phillips (H.), Musical and Personal Recollections. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 21s.
 Poems, by Three Sisters. Fcp., 3s. 6d.
 Popular Educator. Vol. V. New Series. 4to., 5s.
 Practical Mechanics' Journal. 2nd Series. Vol. VIII. 4to., 14s.
 Priestley (J.), Sin and Suffering. Fcp., 1s. 6d.
 Price (E. W.), Leah, and other Poems. Fcp., 5s.
 Reed's Enquirer's Handbook to the Local Marine Examinations. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Salverte (E.), History of Names of Men, Nations, and Places. 2 vols. 8vo., 24s.
 Scheerer (T.), Use of the Blowpipe. 2nd edit. 12mo., 2s. 6d.
 Shakespeare's Coriolanus. Edited by F. A. Leo. 4to., 15s.
 Smith (Mrs. E.), Phases of Life. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 21s.
 — (Goldwin), Plea for the Abolition of Tests. 2nd edit. 12mo., 2s. 6d.
 Snow (Rev. G. B.), Post Tenebras Lux. 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
 Snowball (J. C.), Cambridge Course of Natural Philosophy. 5th edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Strife and Rest, by Author of "Agnes Home." 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 21s.
 Todd (Rev. J. F.), The Apostle Paul and the Church at Philippi. 8vo., 9s.
 Tupper (M. F.), Proverbial Philosophy. New edit. Fcp., 3s. 6d.
 Tulloch (J.), The Christ of the Gospels. Fcp., 4s. 6d.
 Under the Ban (Le Mandit). 3 vols. Post 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Venables (Rev. E.), Guide to the Isle of Wight. New edit. Fcp., 5s.
 Wallace (A. W.), Readings for the Sick Room. 18mo., 1s.
 Wardle (W.), Memory Tablets of Garden Work. Fcp., 1s.
 Whewell (Dr. W.), Astronomy and General Physics. New edit. Fcp., 5s.
 — Elements of Morality. New edit. 8vo., 15s.
 Wisdom, Wit, and Allegory, from "The Spectator." Fcp., 3s. 6d.
 Yelverton Correspondence (The). New edit. Fcp., 1s.
 Young Angler's Natural History. Fcp., 1s.

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Leicester	14	0	...	7	0	
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By order,

J. B. OWEN, Secretary.

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